

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1909.

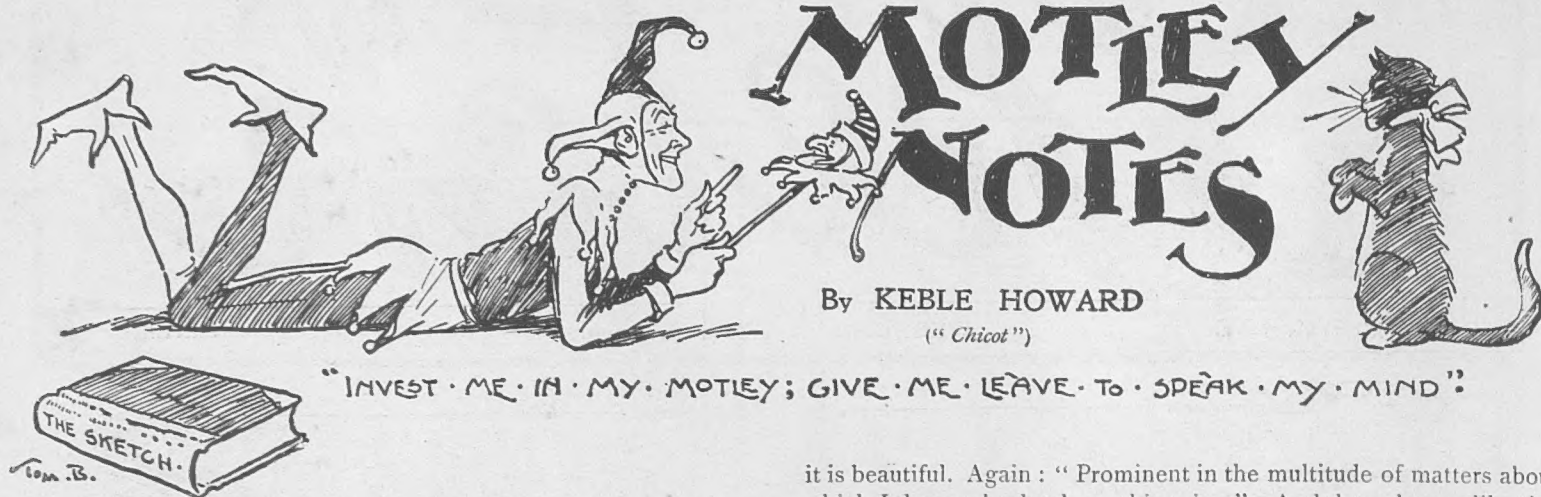
SIXPENCE.



THE FACE BEFORE THE GUN: A MAORI'S HEAD AS A TAMPION ON THE VESSEL NAMED AFTER THE COLONY THAT WAS THE FIRST TO OFFER US A "DREADNOUGHT."

Two tampions representing Maori heads plug guns on board H.M.S. "New Zealand," upon which they were made. The heads are modelled on that which holds the ship's bell and was presented to the vessel by the Colony. In the left-hand top corner of our page is a 12-inch gun tampion now to be seen on board the "King Edward VII.," where it forms a souvenir of Lord Charles Beresford and his famous breed of bulldogs. For the benefit of the landsman, we may say that a tampion is a plug placed in the mouth of a cannon or other gun to prevent the entry of water or dust.

Photograph of Maori tampions by Halftones; small circle of dog by Cribb.



The Daily Dance.

A writer in a contemporary accuses us all of being depressed. "Whether people admit it or not," she says, "everybody just now is suffering from depression of spirits"—or words to that effect. "Influenza and Lent combined have cast a settled gloom over London"—or words to that effect. I read the paragraph with a feeling of resentment. Why should I be told that I am depressed when I am quite cheerful? I remember once assuring a clever but gloomy actor of my acquaintance that I was in the habit of dancing round my rooms every morning immediately after rising. His scornful incredulity hurt me very much indeed. Because he was not in the habit of dancing himself the first thing in the morning, because he never has danced, never will dance, and, I shall go so far as to say, never could dance, it was past his belief that anybody else danced. When he married, I took my revenge by sending him the following telegram: "May you dance through life." He rewarded this effort with a grim smile, but it never occurred to him for one moment, of course, that I meant it. I did, for all that. I like people to be blithe—not too blithe, or artificially blithe, or gushingly blithe, but naturally blithe and just blithe enough. Next to talking through one's nose, blitheness is the very best possible safeguard against influenza.

A Book for Your Bedside.

One of the blithest books I know—so blithe that nobody but a genuinely blithe man could have written it—is Mr. Charles Brookfield's "Random Reminiscences." This delightful volume was published seven years ago, and I fancy, from certain pencil-marks against various passages, and the familiarity of some of the anecdotes, that I must have reviewed it on publication. To my shame let me confess that I have only just discovered the real joy of the book. It has a deceptive appearance. It looks just like any other biography or autobiography. The format is imposing, the paper thick, the type large, the edges rough. There is a picture, moreover, of Mr. Brookfield, in which he looks like a High Church parson who has incurred the serious displeasure of his Bishop. At the first glance, in short, there is nothing to tell you that the volume contains more genuine humour than any book of reminiscences you have ever read. I expect I wrote a very polite introduction to my notice, reminding my readers that Mr. Brookfield had been an actor, a dramatist, a journalist, among other things, but was chiefly famous as a raconteur. I should then, in all probability, have picked out three or four yarns for the printer to set up in small type, and wound up with some such remark as: "The book will be heartily enjoyed by all those who are interested in Bohemian London."

Mr. Brookfield's Openings.

Mind you, I don't *know* that I treated Mr. Brookfield in this perfunctory manner. I may have lauded his reminiscences all up and down a couple of columns. I suspect, however, that I was perfunctory. If I was, I here make full confession and amends. (That is more, I fancy, than some other perfunctory ones will ever do for me, even supposing for one second that I deserve it.) I wonder whether Mr. Arnold has ever published a "popular edition" of "Random Reminiscences?" If not, I would advise him, with a low bow and a sweep of my cap, to do so. Generally speaking, the lighter the purse the keener the sense of humour, especially such human humour as Mr. Brookfield's. He has a way of beginning his chapters that forms in itself a delightful burlesque of other volumes of the kind. "Many years ago," he writes, "before promotion from the theatrical stage to that of the music-hall was recognised as an artistic upward step—" The portentous gravity of

it is beautiful. Again: "Prominent in the multitude of matters about which I know absolutely nothing is—" And how do you like this as a preface to several "catty" stories of theatrical bickerings and petty jealousies?—"No unprejudiced observer who enters Bohemian society can fail to be impressed by the spirit of *camaraderie* and good-fellowship, by the generous appreciation of a fellow-artist, by the mutual esteem and admiration, which prevails among actors and actresses."

Glowing Tribute to the Bench.

I quite see how unprofessional it is of me to be chuckling over a book published seven years ago, and I have an uneasy feeling, all the time I am writing, that my editor will send me a few snubby little lines for trespassing on the domain of a colleague. All the same, I am so enchanted with "Random Reminiscences" that I will risk one more paragraph about them. I want to call your particular attention, in case you place sufficient confidence in me to get the book from your library—I have long since abandoned the search for people who *buy* books—to Mr. Brookfield's account of his experiences as a jurymen. (I gather that the gist of it appeared originally in the *St. James's Gazette*.) Here is a brief extract: "From about five minutes to three till a quarter past, Lord Silverton slept like a child of a year old. It was only the work of a few seconds, however, for the Associate and the usher and the white-haired servant aforesaid to arouse his Lordship when the time came. And considering the shock of awaking from dreams of a rural retreat covered with honeysuckle, and of clambering little ones with golden heads lisping forth prayers for appointments and sinecures and marshalships, to the stern reality of a British law-court, where justice is impartially administered, it is hardly to his Lordship's discredit that he should inadvertently have begun to sum up upon the previous case."

Bucking up the Celandine.

There is news, strenuous news, for the corn. Likewise, presumably, for the flower of the field. "The farmer of the future," says a writer in *The World's Work* who knows, "will not be content with the sowing of seed and hopeful waiting for results. He will spread electric wires over the soil and proceed to "shock" the incipient crops into satisfactory accomplishment of their destiny." All this, you may be sure, friend the reader, is of the highest importance, especially to the small celandine, that gentle friend of the late William Wordsworth. You remember, of course, the beautiful lines in which the poet welcomed the coming of the small celandine—

Soon as gentle breezes bring
News of winter's vanishing,
And the children build their bowers,
Sticking 'kerchief plots of mould
All about with full-blown flowers,
Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold!
With the proudest thou art there,
Mantling in the tiny square.

On the other hand, if the small celandine should *not* be there, we shall be after her pretty quickly with an electric wire.

Mr. Coke, the Seer.

Mr. Arthur D. Coke utters a word of warning to England in the correspondence columns of one of my daily papers. Mr. Arthur D. Coke says this, fully realising the weightiness of his utterance: "My firm belief"—that is to say, Mr. Arthur D. Coke's firm belief—"is that England has far more to fear from airships than from *Dreadnoughts*. I venture to predict that within fifteen years the name of 'Dreadnought' will have changed, for fighting purposes, to 'Worthnought.'" In case you should wish to communicate with him on the subject, Mr. Coke is careful to give his address.

EMMY WEHLEN IN "MERRY WIDOW" COSTUMES.



THE NEW SONIA: MISS EMMY WEHLEN IN "THE MERRY WIDOW," AT DALY'S.

Miss Wehlen made her first appearance as Sonia in "The Merry Widow," at Daly's Theatre on the 29th of last month, and scored an immediate success. This reminds us, by the way, that we were incorrect in saying last week that Miss Wehlen is to understudy Miss Lily Elsie. As a matter of fact, she has been engaged by Mr. George Edwardes to play leading parts, and leading parts only, for two years at least. London will hope that these two years will be considerably extended.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

VICTORIAN FARCE: "THE NOBLE SPANIARD," AT THE NEW ROYALTY.



1. MR. JUSTICE PROUDFOOT (MR. E. LYALL SWETE), RETURNING FROM SHRIMPING, IS ENCOUNTERED BY THE DUKE OF HERMANOS (MR. CHARLES HAWTREY), AND IS INFORMED THAT THAT GENTLEMAN IS THE DUKE OF HERMANOS, MARQUESS OF ALCALAR, AND A GRANDEE OF SPAIN, WITH THE RIGHT TO WEAR "IS 'AT'" IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING.

3. MISS KATE CUTLER AS MARION NAIRNE.

4. MISS FANNY BROUGH AS LADY PROUDFOOT.

2. THE DUKE OF HERMANOS, BELIEVING THAT MR. JUSTICE PROUDFOOT IS THE HUSBAND OF MARION NAIRNE, CHALLENGES HIM TO MORTAL AND IMMEDIATE COMBAT ON THE SANDS AT BOULOGNE, AND OFFERS HIM CHOICE OF WEAPONS, BY NO MEANS TO THE JOY OF PROUDFOOT, WHO HAS NOT THE LEAST DESIRE TO FIGHT.

5. MISS VANE FEATHERSTON AS THE COUNTESS DE MORET.

6. LUCY (MISS ANNE CLEAVER) SINGS A SONG—WORDS BY FELICIA HEMANS, MUSIC BY VIRGINIA BLAKEMORE—FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE COUNTESS DE MORET, MARION NAIRNE, AND HER MUCH-IMPRESSED LOVER, CAPTAIN CHALFORD, OF THE HEAVY DRAGOONS (MR. ATHOL STEWART).

The Duke of Hermanos, Marquess of Alcalar, and a Grandee of Spain, whose great boast it is that he has the right to wear "is 'at'" in the presence of the King, descends upon Boulogne in a flamboyant cloak that suggests his nature. He falls in love at first sight with Marion Nairne, a widow who is staying there for a time with Mr. Justice Proudfoot, Lady Proudfoot, and Lucy. Eager to make the acquaintance of the widow, he calls, and, despite remonstrances, enters.—

CRINOLINE COMEDY: "THE NOBLE SPANIARD,"
AT THE NEW ROYALTY.



1. MISS KATE CUTLER AS MARION NAIRNE, THE WIDOW WITH WHOM THE DUKE OF HERMANOS FALLS IN LOVE.

2. MR. CHARLES HAWTREY AS THE DUKE OF HERMANOS, GRANDEE OF SPAIN, THE NOBLE SPANIARD.

3. MISS KATE CUTLER, AS MRS. NAIRNE, ACCOMPANYING LUCY IN A SONG BY FELICIA HEMANS.

4. MISS FANNY BROUGH AS LADY PROUDFOOT (AFTER A SEA TRIP), WHO THINKS THAT THE DUKE IS IN LOVE WITH HER.

—Mrs. Nairne, who has already admired him from a distance, flirts with him while pretending that he must leave immediately. Thus he is encouraged, and it is only when the widow tells him that her husband must be considered that he is at all discouraged. This discouragement is but momentary. He decides that there is not room on the earth for the husband and himself, and so sets about finding him, that he may challenge him and kill him. As usual in farce, he takes each of the men characters in turn for Mr. Nairne, and seeks to get up a quarrel. In the end, matters right themselves and the Duke marries the widow.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

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Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch,"
and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the
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detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and
address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and
drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS COMPANY.

"GIVE me the luxuries of life, and I will dispense with the
necessities!" said some witty philosopher, thereby express-
ing, more accurately perhaps than he knew, the general
attitude of mankind (and womankind) towards questions of ways
and means. The tramp and the out-of-work workman is gener-
ally to be seen smoking: his pipe and his glass of beer
are the last things he renounces. On similar principles,
in times of financial depression, those firms whom some would
describe as ministering to human vanity and extravagance are not
always, as might be expected, the first to suffer. The truth of this
was exemplified at the tenth ordinary general meeting of the Gold-
smiths and Silversmiths Company, held on March 30, at Queen's
Hall. The chair was taken by Mr. Courtauld Thomson, in the absence
of the Chairman and Founder of the Company, Mr. William Gibson,
who is away in the South of France for his health, and was
advised by his doctor not to make the long journey home at
this time of year in order to attend the meeting, as he desired.

Mr. Thomson, in his speech, drawing attention to the highly
prosperous position of the company, said that he thought it all the
more satisfactory in view of the widespread financial depression
during the past year. "It is, in fact," he remarked, "almost
surprising that we have not been more affected by it, seeing that the
articles in which we deal are considered, to some extent, as
luxuries. I think one of the reasons why we have not felt
it more," he went on, "is that many people realise that some-
times there is very little to show for the money which they
spend, whereas money expended at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths
Company is often more or less in the nature of an investment." Pearls and diamonds, he pointed out, were appreciating in value,
while dividends, even Consols, had a habit of going down.

The dividends of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company,
however, have not gone down, but have been maintained at the
high standard of 7½ per cent. on Ordinary shares, which was declared
for 1907, and has now again been declared for 1908. In each of
these years also, £5000 has been added to the reserve, and £20,800
brought forward. The chairman mentioned that there were 100,000
customers on the books of the company, and its object was to win
their confidence and retain their custom permanently. Customers
are not experts in jewellery, and nothing would be easier than to
take advantage of them; but that is not the policy of the company,
which gives good value and builds up its business with an eye to
posterity. The jeweller's business, said the chairman, is one of the
oldest in the world, and comparatively little dependent on fashion.
Still, new designs are always welcome, and in this respect the
company moves with the times. It has representatives in all parts of
the Continent on the look-out for novelty in design, and it is seriously
considering the establishment of a branch in Paris. Last year, the
company made the gold caskets presented by the City of London
to President Fallières and the King of Sweden, while this year it is
to make the King's gold cup for the Horse Show.

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A meeting of the above Company was held at the Westminster
Palace Hotel on Friday, the 2nd inst. The report states that the
work of the Corporation so far has been that of a pioneer in almost
every part of the world, involving considerable expenditure of an
exceptional character, which has been debited to profit and loss,
and which will not recur, while the fruits of this expenditure and
labour should be gathered in. The balance to debit of £2389 5s. 9d.
is more than accounted for by the amount written off demonstration
account and depreciation. The directors propose to write off
20 per cent. annually of the formation expenses in order to
extinguish these in five years. The merits and economic advan-
tages of the system are gradually becoming recognised among
engineers, and the directors adhere to the opinion they have
previously expressed as to the future of the undertaking.

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same risk.

April 7, 1909.

Signature

BRUMMELL

IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

Scots.

Well, for a number of more or less excellent reasons, a tinge—I say a tinge—of prejudice being among 'em, I've got one or two really grave things to say about the people whose heads are mostly red, whose legs are mostly bandy, whose hands are theoretically always in other people's pockets, who are brought up on wholemeal and half-baked texts, who utter great moral truths in an atrocious language when whisky ebbs up to the lids of their eyes; in short, Scots—what? I am compelled to deal with what is to me a very painful topic, because I've been puttin' in a strenuous and tricky week-end with people who are so hopelessly Scots that they have given themselves completely over to it, just as people dedicate themselves to breedin' pups, collectin' autographs, drinkin' Green Chartreuse, and horse-racin'. I mean that my host, and his missus, and his sons and daughters—really very nice people in the few odd moments when they escape from the obsession that although they are not the royal family, they are, so to speak—are so appallingly Scots that they think with an accent and sleep in a tartan, wash with wholemeal soap disguised with violets, collect together on anniversaries beneath oil-paintings of hefty-lookin' villains in badly cut ballet-skirts, and shout unintelligible words and, being thoroughly religious people in the manner peculiar to Scotland, say bitter things about the members of every other clan, and regard every man, woman, and child born out of their grey and barren country as quite regrettable accidents. What? I may well say, What, what?

The Not A. My host is a The. Do you follow me? He's not like I am and some of you dear people, bless you, are—a so-and-so of this or that. Oh, Lord, no. That's no earthly good for the chosen race. He's a The—the—as a matter of fact—MacSnuff of MacFusty, or strange words to that effect. He's the head of a horde of Macs who have carried their accent and their ding-dong canniness into every known and unknown portion of the earth, together with cheap editions of Bobbie Burns' poems, a book of salmon-flies, and a bagpipes. He has a very hideous place on a loch covered with posts, against which gillies scratch their backs and say, "A mon's a mon fer a' that"; a place in Surrey, forty minutes' run from Threadneedle Street, and a house in one of those gloomy squares on the west side of the Park to which a taxi-cab driver goes reluctantly after a pause for consideration. In all his houses there are trophies of sixteenth-century wrong-doin' triumphantly displayed, busts of Bobbie and Wallace, old Bibles, bits of weddin'-cake under glass-cases, macintoshes, and goloshes—all emblems of the Land o' Cakes, where it rains perpetually, and where the

only man in the towns on Saturday night who is sober is an Irishman. Not, take it from me, bright places to stay in. The MacSnuffs, I may tell you, although you may know it already, have a considerable number of bawbees. They pinched an iron-bound box full of 'em from another clan right away back in the dirk-and-sporran age, and invested 'em well. It wasn't robbery, mind you. It was a religious ceremony accordin' to the Highlands. Consequently, you get everythin' measured out to you, and what you can't eat at one meal follows

you to the next. Meals are conducted with great solemnity, and start and wind up with prayers. Between the courses the conversation is always the same—the gross behaviour of The MacKnees of Invercroftie, who—time to a Scotsman stands still—brought a batterin'-ram to Castle MacSnuff on Wednesday, April 1, 1502, and chipped the Aberdeen granite. Ever since there has been a deadly feud. The Mr. MacSnuff of to-day is an eminent K.C., d'y'see, and the Mr. MacKnee is a great liver-doctor, busy men both. But if in the course of business Mr. MacSnuff is brought face to face with great Mr. MacKnee they glare at each other, murmur ghastly Tweedy words beneath their breath, and pass on. In his mind's eye Mr. MacSnuff still sees the chips on his granite made by the MacKnee batterin'-ram, and Mr. MacKnee still feels the loss of bullion wrenched from him at the point of the dirk in order to pay the builder's bill. Marvellous—what?

A Pathetic and Peculiar Incident. To show how keen the Scot is in his truly religious way to keep his clan feuds hot and peppery, I'll just mention what happened the other day to The MacS. The old boy was goin' up to his native place fishin', with a Pink 'Un deftly



THE MAN WHO HAS JUST TAKEN UP GOLF.

DRAWN BY CHRIS HEAPS.

placed by his butler between the stiff and sticky pages of the *Times*, armed, of course, with a flask of unblended fire, and he found himself alone in the carriage—a third-class carriage—with a very nice-lookin' elderly lady who couldn't help chattin'. So they chatted on about one thing and another in a perfectly nice and charmin' way for an hour or two, and found that they had many mutual friends and mutual interests, with the one common bond of accent. In fact, she found him a very well-informed old joker, and he found her a highly intelligent woman. They struck up a friendship, and wished that they had met before. It became colder, however, as it frequently does, and she unstrapped her rug at the same moment as he did so. Good Lord! Hers was unmistakably of the MacKnee tartan, and his triumphantly MacSnuff. A gasp, a glare, and dead silence for the rest of the journey. It's no good my sayin' what, because it's obvious. That, in a word, is Scots. Well!

THE CLUBMAN

The Stilling of the Near East.

The special correspondents and the soldiers of fortune who had taken up their temporary abode on one side or the other of the Servian frontier are on their way home, halting for a day or two in Paris to forget the taste of Paprika and onions; and Semlin has become again an uninteresting little village, and Belgrade is as dull as any small English country town. I have no doubt that the conversation in the Servian clubs and cafés is vitriolic; but talk is an excellent safety-valve. It is interesting to know, now that the possibility of war is past, that the Serbs, in spite of all their brave words, were not at all prepared for war. The military preparations which so nearly brought upon them the overwhelming forces of Austria were only frantic attempts to retrieve lost time, and the reserves called up for training were doing periods of drill they should have gone through many months ago.

Prince George of Servia.

I cannot help feeling a little sorry for the one small earthen pot which has disappeared going down-stream amidst the clashing of the brazen ones. Prince George of Servia is no doubt a firebrand. When I was in Belgrade a couple of years ago, accounts of his quarrels with his father, of his fits of passion and his mad freaks, formed the subject for most of the conversation in the one hotel of the town. I dare say many of the tales were inventions, but there must have been a basis of truth for some of them. I did not like the appearance of certain young officers who were pointed out to me as the Crown Prince's friends; they seemed to be perfumed young dandies, and did not look to be the men fit to lead the lean, hardy peasants who are the rank and file of the Servian army; but Prince George, one day riding through the streets, smiling and returning the salutes of the people, and the next day keeping to his rooms in a fit of berserker rage, was a picturesque figure, except to those who had to meet him in his black moods.

The Two Crown Princes.

The other young firebrand of the Balkans, the Crown Prince of Montenegro, seems to have been taken in hand very quickly and very successfully by his father, the reigning Prince, who is a very thorough man of the world, and since the interchange of the wild and whirling telegrams between these fiery youths the young Montenegrin has disappeared from public view into the simple palace high on the mountain tableland; but for the other Crown Prince, Crown Prince now no more, there can be nothing but banishment. The death of the valet for the repose of whose soul candles are still burning in all the churches of Belgrade was no doubt the obvious excuse for resigning the succession to the throne; but how could a Prince who had sworn to lead the Legion of the Lost, the men who had sworn to die rather than renounce the idea of uniting the Serb principalities into one nation, walk about in the capital of his puny State, his oath unkept, his warlike speeches mere vapourings?

The Home of Princes in Exile.

Holy Russia holds open wide her arms to such wild young soldiers as Prince George is. No doubt it was the hope of Russian help that led the young Prince into his transports of defiance; and as a subaltern in some crack Russian regiment he will be able to nurse his wrath and meditate revenge against Austria amidst congenial surroundings, for the talk of every military mess in Russia now will be, not as it was, a decade ago, of the invasion of India, but of the day when the Tsar will be able to marshal his battalions to regain the prestige and the influence the great Northern power has now lost in the Balkans. When that day comes, if it ever comes, Prince George may regain his reputation as a man of war. In the Russian service Prince George—if he does take service under the Tsar—will find many Princes much in similar case to himself.

The hope of the Bonapartists and more than one of the Bourbonshold commissions under the flag of black-and-white, and life in a crack Russian regiment is very merry and very reckless.

A Peace-making Monarch.

Austria should be very satisfied. Its Prime Minister has gained all he demanded, and the kindly old Emperor has not been grieved by seeing his country engaged in a war at the close of his reign. It was no doubt his invincible desire that peace should be maintained that kept the Austrian troops on their own side of the border. That an impudent little State should force the Austrian army to mobilise, and should not be soundly punished for causing the Dual Empire to spend many millions of pounds, is incomprehensible to the Austrian army. It is as cruel as whipping off hounds which are running a fox to view. Very many people in high positions in Austria and Hungary are anxious that the army should be "blooded." The Austro-Hungarian forces have had no opportunity of showing their quality since they went down before the Prussians, and they are intensely anxious to prove that they are in as good fighting trim as any other army in Europe. Of their bravery there never has been at any time a doubt. But while the Emperor Francis Joseph lives, the Austrian army will shed no blood.

All the world knows that the Tsar refused to allow the concluding years of our late Queen's life to be troubled by a great war. The strategists of Russia saw their opportunity when Great Britain was at grips with the Boers to make another step in advance towards India—a step which would have meant war on our borders; but the Tsar would not listen to any such scheme. He refused to allow our venerable Queen to be grieved by a war of his making at the close of her reign. But for the determination of the Austrian Emperor that peace should be kept, Russia might now have been dragged into a war from which she could not hope to emerge victorious.

The Tsar and Queen Victoria.

The photograph shows the King walking with the shadow of a lady, who has evidently been "touched out" by the photographer that the King himself may stand out all the better. It suggests that the photographer has been indiscreetly discreet, though no doubt his only object was, as we have said, to emphasise the chief figure.



INDISCREET DISCRETION? A PICTURE-POSTCARD OF THE KING AT BIARRITZ FROM WHICH THE PHOTOGRAPHER HAS PARTIALLY REMOVED THE LADY WALKING WITH HIS MAJESTY.

This photograph shows the King walking with the shadow of a lady, who has evidently been "touched out" by the photographer that the King himself may stand out all the better. It suggests that the photographer has been indiscreetly discreet, though no doubt his only object was, as we have said, to emphasise the chief figure.

CAPITAL DRESSES LABOUR DOES NOT LIKE :
THE CAUSE OF AGITATION.



CLOTHES THAT HAVE AROUSED CONTROVERSY : AMERICAN CHILDREN IN ELABORATE COSTUMES.

A good deal of agitation has been made in America by members of the Labour Party and by certain newspapers who argue that the children of the rich are overdressed at the expense of the children of the poor. They claim that even dresses as elaborate as those illustrated are too fine for wear, especially in these hard times.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.



DR. BURKITT, WHO IS TO MARRY
MISS ARBUCKLE, DAUGHTER OF THE
AGENT-GENERAL FOR NATAL.

Photograph by Swaine.

the first and greatest of Lord Wardens. It recalls the figure he made, not only as a conqueror in his prime, but as an old man wandering along the coast he had need to defend; and it has a nice echo in all its rooms of familiar nursery rhymes dear to our childhood. Times have vastly changed since the Iron Duke surveyed at Dover the wooden ships which safeguarded our shores — changes, perhaps, both in Dukes and in fleets. Now, at least, our ships are of iron.

The Alien Arch. Miss Helen Emery, who came to the fighting determination of marrying Mr. Gunjiro Aoki "as soon as we saw fit," is not the only Westerner, by any means, who rebels against the prevalent Californian distaste for the Japanese. Mr. Bowie, the owner of large and lovely estates at San Matteo, has just been visiting England with his indispensable body-guard of Japanese servants. At San Matteo he has set up one of the curiosities of California. With the assistance of a noted Japanese architect and the most skilled of Japanese workmen he has built a triumphal arch, dedicated to the heroism of the Jap soldiers in the late war, and engaged the wisest



MISS DOROTHEA
LAYLAND
LAYLAND-BARRATT.



MISS PETTRONEL ELEANOR
LAYLAND
LAYLAND-BARRATT.



LADY LAYLAND-BARRATT.

Sir Francis Layland-Barratt was created a Baronet in 1908. He assumed the additional name of Layland by royal license in 1895. He has been member for the Torquay Division of Devonshire since 1900. He married, in 1884, Frances, daughter of the late Thomas Layland, of Cheshire. He has one son and three daughters.—*(Photographs by Rita Martin.)*

man in Japan in regard to the characters of the language to supply the inscription. No one has yet passed through that arch. It awaits a prince from the Land of Flowers to declare it open.

Mrs. George Gibbs. One of the most attractive of twentieth-century political hostesses is Mrs. George Gibbs, who, *née* Miss Victoria Long, was born in the political purple; she is the elder daughter of Mr. Walter and Lady Dorothy Long, both so popular in the political world, and that without any distinction of parties. The marriage took place

in the December of 1901, the father of the bride being at the time President of the Local Government Board. The high esteem in which both Mr. and Mrs. George Gibbs are held in the neighbourhood of Mr. Gibbs' home was shown by his being returned as Conservative member for West Bristol at a time when the whole country was being swept by the Liberals.

House-Breaking. Passengers arriving in London from New York during the last weeks of March seem to plume themselves upon being the pioneers of a record year. The bookings of berths are already above the average numbers, and the German invasion must come quickly if it would forestall the American. Meanwhile, Miss Ethel Barrymore's friends have been waiting to catch glimpses of her in her new rôle of Mrs. Russell Griswold Colt, for it was expected that she would visit here after her marriage to the son of the Rubber King. She has many ties in England, where she played—and she is still a girl—important parts with Henry Irving. So, too, has her versatile and engaging brother, whose experiences of England include a term in a London life-class and an adventure in a country cottage, into which he had broken at night in order that he might console a little child whom he heard crying in the dark. It required all Mr. Barrymore's reasoning to persuade the parents of his good intentions when, on their return, he was discovered in the only bedroom.

Mrs. Macnamara. The wife of Dr. Macnamara, the famous education specialist—for, as was wittily said of him, the improvement of the young idea is to him as



ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE RT. HON. WALTER
LONG AND LADY DOROTHY LONG; MRS. GEORGE
GIBBS.

Photograph by Swaine.



WIFE OF THE PARLIAMENTARY AND FINANCIAL
SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY;
MRS. MACNAMARA.

Photograph by Swaine.

boilers were to Sir William Allan—has been of the greatest assistance to her husband in his remarkable career. Like him, she is keenly interested in music as well as in politics, and she is making her little children follow their clever father in the matter of singing; indeed, her youngest son when under three years old had a very good ear for music. It is an interesting fact that it was at the Bristol Musical Festival that Mr. and Mrs. Macnamara first met; and though she is one of the busiest of wives and mothers she finds time to remain a very fine pianist.

SMALL TALK

MISS ARBUCKLE, WHOSE MARRIAGE
TO DR. BURKITT WILL TAKE PLACE
BEFORE LONG.

Photograph by Swaine.

WOLFING PUBLIC ATTENTION: A PRINCESS'S STRANGE PET.



WASKA, PENSIONNAIRE: PRINCESS TROUBETZKOI AND HER SHE-WOLF.

The wolf is the latest pensionnaire of Prince Troubetzkoi, the well-known animal sculptor, and his wife, and frequently accompanies them on their walks in the Bois de Boulogne, when they, literally, "wolf" public attention. Waska is a most amiable beast, and devoted to her mistress, who is here shown in her home in Paris in Swedish costume, her national dress.—[*Photograph by Lumiere.*]

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS



GIVER OF A GREAT POLITICAL PARTY LAST WEEK:
LADY DICKSON-POYNDER.

Photograph by Kate Praeger.

ever since that a cat may look at a king.

Cardinal and King. Talking of the love for dogs and the love for kings, the cynics, who cannot deny the former, but discount the latter, will find themselves a little out of calculation in the following little story which Bishop Johnson, who died the other day, was fond of repeating. He liked to recall that his former chief, Cardinal Manning, had sat with the present King, when Prince of Wales, on the Housing of the Poor Commission. "And the Cardinal said that you could not be with him for a few minutes without loving him." And there was no doubt, by the Bishop's expression as he quoted the opinion of the great ascetic, that he fully countersigned it.

Lady Castlereagh. Lady Castlereagh, in spite of her air of youth, will soon be able to celebrate the tenth anniversary of her marriage. She seems to have inherited some of the jovial, happy nature of her father, Mr. Harry Chaplin, as well as the grace and beauty which have belonged from time immemorial to the daughters of the house of Sutherland Gower. Much of her girlhood was spent at Stafford House; it was from there that she made her debut, and it was from thence also that took place her marriage, after a rather anxious engagement, for during its otherwise serene course Lord Castlereagh was thrown from his horse while riding with his fiancée, and he escaped as by a miracle from death. Lady Castlereagh has inherited from

THE KING has had a thoroughly enjoyable time at Biarritz, and so has the King's terrier. "Love me, love my dog," says the proverb; and at Biarritz it has been very literally fulfilled. "Ginger" has been a universal favourite; but it is not so certain that he himself has a saving knowledge of national proverbs. One morning on the front, a fine cat was gazing, like other animals, at the dog's master, when "Ginger" made for her, and nearly caught her. The courtiers have been impressing on "Ginger"

been patiently enduring that unbecoming ailment) and with influenza everywhere, the imps of illness have been busy. But heartless hostesses and reckless guests have paid no heed; doctoring and dinners, like mourning and marriages, have been pitted one against the other, and all the world is gay with a cold in its head. Lady Granard, it is true, was interrupted in the course of her able entertaining, but she sent her disconsolate husband to his social duties, nevertheless. And now Lord Granard has been obliged to undergo the



DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF BUCHAN: LADY MARJORIE GLADYS STUART ERSKINE.

Photograph by Lafayette.

installation as the new Knight of the Order of St. Patrick, a ceremony that has of late become matter for melancholy. Political considerations have induced most of the Knights of long standing to refrain from gracing with their presence the installation of gentlemen newly enrolled in the order by the Liberal Government. But in the present case it has been deemed decent to relax the boycott, for Lord Granard is, of course, a member of the Household of another, and august, Knight of their Irish order—his Majesty the King. It is more than forty years ago that the King was knighted, and that he is the sole survivor of the members of the Order who were religiously installed—a ceremony now in desuetude—in St. Patrick's Cathedral reminds us that his Majesty begins to note too many "lasts" among his memories.

The New White House Hostess. Mrs. Taft's remarkable patriotism in the matter of American-made clothes is receiving the enthusiastic approval of democratic America. Mrs. Taft wishes to see the Transatlantic woman of fashion give up getting her clothes from Paris, and she herself set an example in providing a regular trousseau of American-made clothes, not only for herself, but also for her pretty daughter, Miss Helen Taft, who will be the most interesting débutante in the America of 1910. Mrs. Taft is already beginning to make innovations at the White House; the first and most daring of these was the fact that she was seated by her



A GRANDMOTHER: MRS. WHITELAW REID.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who has just become a proud grandmother, is the most popular American Ambassador London has ever seen. Both as mistress of Dorchester House and at West Park, the Ambassador and his cultivated wife are more than hospitable, not only to their own countrymen and the most important English nobility, but to far humbler folk. Mrs. Reid was one of the beautiful daughters of the great American financier, Darius Ogden Mills.

Photograph by Lewis L. Roush.

her ancestors on both sides of the house an ardent love of country life and of animals. Curiously enough, her favourite breeds are those of sporting dogs, though she has long been an authority on dachshunds. Everything has gone well with this charming future Marchioness. Three years after her marriage she became the proud mother of a son and heir, to whom the King stood sponsor in person.

Physic and Feasting. With measles playing havoc in the state-cabins of an Atlantic liner, with mumps in Lowndes Square (where Lady Lurgan, Lord Cadogan's daughter, has

husband's side in the triumphal procession from the Capitol to the historic home of America's Presidents. Curiously enough, this new departure was approved even by the more conservative members of Washington society. Owing to the fact of her being niece to a former and now forgotten President, she was, as a child, often at the White House, and knows all its ways. Mrs. Taft is a fine musician, and speaks several foreign languages. Everything points to the fact that she will be even more popular than was her immediate predecessor, Mrs. Roosevelt.



DAUGHTER OF MR. HARRY CHAPLIN: LADY CASTLEREAGH.

Photograph by Lafayette.



THE NEW MISTRESS OF WHITE HOUSE: MRS. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.

Photograph by Pach Brothers.

✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✠ ✠



"THE KING'S SHOE PINCHES"—WE KNOW NOT WHICH IT IS: A BOOT BALLET.

Our photograph shows the boot ballet in "The King's Shoe Pinches," seen at the new Operetta Theatre in Berlin.



THAT INFECTION MAY NOT SPREAD FROM MOUTH TO MOUTH:
A PUBLIC DRINKING-CUP.

That infectious diseases may not be spread by means of the drinking-fountains of America, a new type has been set up. In this, small immovable cups are arranged in a large bowl. A constant stream of water flows over the small cups, and to drink it is necessary only to touch the water with the lips. A supply of pure water is kept constantly running through the fountains, with one of which all the public schools in certain American cities are to be provided. Another American device for supplying pure water is a cent-in-the-slot machine, which gives, for each coin, a paper cup of water. But this is hardly so democratic as the other, for poor children would not be prepared to spend a cent whenever they were thirsty.

Photograph by The Fleet Agency.



THE LABOUR CANDIDATE AT THE ELECTION OF
A NEW IMMORTAL: M. MICHEL PONS, WINE-SELLER.

The election of the new member of the French Academy, to take the place of the dead Immortal, François Coppée, was fixed to take place on the first of this month. M. Michel Pons, a wine-seller of Paris, decided to stand as candidate for the vacant chair, seeing no reason why a poet must be highly born before he can be recognised. M. Pons is the author of at least two poems, a prose work, a history of the Midi, and a tragedy, "The Slave."

Photograph by Rol and Co



A NEW USE FOR OLD PAIS: A REMARKABLE
SEAKALE-FARM NEAR EASTBOURNE.

This curious seakale farm is on the expanse of shingle known as "The Crumbles," near Eastbourne. The vegetable is treated with seaweed, and is grown under old pails and articles of a like nature filled with pebbles. It costs practically nothing to grow, and sells at tenpence a pound.—(Photograph by J. T. Innes.)



THE DIVIDED SKIRT FOR HORSEWOMEN: THE STRANGE HABIT WORN
BY HAWAIIAN PRINCESSES ON A FESTIVAL OCCASION IN HONOLULU.

A good deal has been said for and against riding astride for women. The Hawaiian Princesses who are shown on this page have no doubt about the subject. That the form of habit of which they are fond will be seen in the Row or even in the country is, however, to say the very least of it, unlikely.

Photograph by R. W. Perkins.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (Monocle)

The Belgian Shakespeare.

The Play-actors at the Royal Court Theatre indulged in an interesting experiment when they produced Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice," but their production was an interesting experiment and little more. The English version, by Mr. Bernard Miall, succeeded in retaining in some passages an air of poetic mystery, but there is little of dramatic value in the legend which Maeterlinck has tried to adapt for the stage. A nun flies with her lover to the wicked world, and when she returns to the convent to die, after a life of sin, she finds herself a saint: for the Virgin has come down from the altar and taken her place, deluding the simple nuns into the belief that Sister Beatrice has been with them all the time in a state of very great holiness. Perhaps there are depths of meaning in this, but they are not easily fathomed at the first hearing of the piece upon the stage. Beatrice returning broken-hearted and confessing her sin might be a subject of human sympathy, as was little Prunella in Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. Laurence Housman's charming play. Unfortunately, that aspect of the situation is barely suggested, and all the emphasis is upon the miracle of the divine intervention—an intervention so pointless and irrational as to be merely puzzling. If anybody deserves sympathy it is the rest of the Sisterhood, but they are merely a chorus, and it is not easy to feel sympathy with a chorus, particularly when that chorus glories in its own delusion and is never likely to learn the truth. Of the Players only two—Mr. A. S. Homewood and Miss Margaret Damer—had anything of much importance to do. Mr. Homewood was a passionate and romantic lover; and when he had gone the rest was left to Miss Damer, who played both Sister Beatrice and the Virgin with moderate success. There was no atmosphere of holy mystery in the affair, and for this it would not be fair to say that the acting and the management were entirely to blame.

More Social Dramas.

A little while ago we were grumbling because the stage persists in being sentimental. Apparently we shall soon be howling for the sentimental. There is a flood of unsentimental dramas upon us. Coincidence—not, perhaps, the long arm of coincidence of the drama—is at the bottom of it, for it may be doubted whether the production of "The Head of the Firm" and "Strife" and "Unemployed" and "The Fountain" can be ascribed to any common cause. All of them deal with the struggle between poverty and wealth, a subject rarely touched upon in our theatre. Stranger still, in three of them there is no trace of the conventionally charitable ideal. "The Fountain," Mr. George Calderon's work, seems to be a rather fierce attack upon every recognised form of philanthropy. The ingenious author appears anxious to tell us that any effort to relieve the sufferings of the poor is almost criminally useless, is abominably selfish, and may be traced to the feeling that the only way of preserving the present unequal division of wealth is to mitigate the extreme sufferings of the toilers. This kind of thing, however wise and sound, works ill upon the stage, a fact of which the dramatist seems conscious, for it may be observed that he fought shy of exhibiting any poignant case of distress; indeed, when he showed the comical failure of Mrs. Wren's effort to succour the poor he seemed to suggest that none of the people whom she endeavoured to help were meritorious; he had not the courage to bring before the audience any really painful case of

unmerited poverty. Yet it would be childish to deny that there are such cases. In fact this play—unintentionally it may be—is a brilliant, formless farce, with a funny little plot badly handled and almost buried under a mass of very clever and diverting dialogue. Since the time of "Widowers' Houses," when "G. B. S." mildly staggered the world with his first play, we have had no work showing the curious tangle of life caused by our system of landed property till the plot of "The Fountain" exhibited it. There was Mrs. Wren, a bright, charming, earnest, charitable little woman, pouring out her money upon the ungrateful East Enders, to the dismay of her amusing, argumentative husband, yet all the while ignorant of the fact that her money was being screwed out of the people whom she sought to befriend by her trustee, since, without knowing it, she happened to be the owner, or mortgagee in possession, of slum property. I do not suggest that the treatment was plausible, which was a pity. The construction was clumsy and the legal details were obscure. The idea was pitilessly amusing, and Mrs. Wren's discomfiture when she discovered the truth was really tragic. A stronger dramatist might have made a big comedy out of such a subject. Mr. Calderon writes very cleverly; his dialogue at times is brilliant, but his knowledge of the stage seems trifling, or else he is contemptuous of laws of craft that he does not understand. However, we ought not to grumble—indeed, I welcome each new dramatist who shows brains and courage, even if "promising" is the high-water mark of the praise due to him. Mr. Calderon's work is very "promising," and the Stage Society acted wisely in producing it. There was some capital acting in "The Fountain," but nothing really brilliant—partly, perhaps, because the characters are not very solidly drawn. Still, one must admire Miss Mary Jerrold, who presented Mrs. Wren cleverly; Miss Nancy Price, who with brave uncoquettishness figured as an old hag, and acted ably; Miss Eily Malyn, a tranquil, agreeable, trim little character; and Miss Alice Mansfield and Miss Mabel Adair, both cleverly comic. Also there were Mr. F. Lloyd, very lively and masterful as



THE EMPIRE'S PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE, Mlle. LYDIA KYASHT.

Mlle. Kyasht went to the Empire when Mlle. Adeline Genée left it, and her popularity, already very great, is growing day by day.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]

an argumentative Devil's Advocate, and Mr. Hubert Harben, diverting as a fretful, pompous parson; and there were others, too many to be mentioned, who acted very well.—"Unemployed," which the Stage Society presented as an introduction to "The Fountain," is a work by Miss Mack, a lady who has already proved her talent. It was a mistake to give us two labour plays in one bill, and "Unemployed" was too much of a pamphlet. Our earnest dramatists who wish to wield the power of the stage for social purposes must remember that bad plays are bad pamphlets. It is a mistake to think that sincerity and a purpose will make a bad play interesting. Now, "Unemployed" is hardly a play, or even playlet, at all. Perhaps one might call it a sketch—a sketch of two young, idle, rich folk and a starving man, who seeks work and scorns charity. There were little touches of character in the young girl, charmingly acted by Miss Vera Coburn, an actress whose talents seem to demand fuller recognition on our stage. Mr. Edmund Gwenn made a horribly grim, pathetic figure of a poor creature seeking work—indeed, he was a little too painful in his realism, but cannot be blamed, since it was involved in the part. Let us hope that the Stage Society, which has a splendid record, will remember that the stage is something more than a platform.

WHAT IT FEELS LIKE —



II. —TO BE WITHIN A MINUTE OF MISSING YOUR EASTER-HOLIDAY SPECIAL.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



BY ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Who's for a Throne?

The most recent developments in Serbia, it is reported, bring the Duke of Teck for a moment within sight of a throne which, perhaps, he might occupy. Of course we have heard this sort of thing before, but in association with the name of the Duke of Connaught, who on more than one occasion has declined to forfeit his right to be called a British subject. The Servian throne is hardly the one that the brother-in-law of our Heir Apparent would choose. Better things have been refused by the family. We might have had an English King of Greece and an English "Tsar" of Bulgaria, an English King of Norway, as well as an English ruler of Saxe-Coburg, had it so pleased the royal family—and their advisers. The Servian throne is not unblemished, and King Peter is not exactly the person that a member of the British royal family would care to follow. Besides, the Servian throne is cheap. In was on offer—definitely for sale—when poor Alexander and Draga occupied it. They once meant to sell out and retire from public business; but there was no buyer, and they stayed until a certain midnight, which brought the present King upon the gloomy scene.

To the Elite.

The ex-Crown Prince of Serbia was a little behind the times. Servians may relish the assassination of a King and Queen, but they do not like the idea of young men practising pranks upon the common people, the tricks which the common people prefer to reserve for unloved royalty. It is bad for a prince who has to be led; it is not always pleasant when the position, reversed, places lesser lights under that sort of obligation. The wonder is that the great Catherine of the now humiliated Russia escaped Queen Draga's fate, seeing how she was wont to lay down the law to her subjects at Court. There is still in existence one of her edicts concerning the way that she would have her people comport themselves in her presence. She declared that gentlemen should not get drunk *before the feast ended*. Ladies of the Court were subjected to quite arbitrary restrictions: they were by no means to wrinkle their mouths, after meals, in the drinking-glasses, nor to wipe their faces on the table napery; while they were informed point-blank that they were to use their forks to eat with, not to pick their teeth. And to crown all, noblemen were forbidden to strike their wives in the royal presence. A wrinkle or two in Manners for Princes might have saved his father's throne to the unamiable Heir Apparent of Serbia.

To Think of It!

An idea for an entertaining article is suggested by Dr. Robertson Nicoll's recalling the complaint of a bygone *Saturday Reviewer*, that he could not read Hutton's *Spectator* because it was "so just." An evening contemporary unconsciously carries on the scheme in recalling certain judgments passed upon Campbell's poems. What an indictment of contemporary criticism—a reproduction of some of the old articles by

men of weight would prove. One which would have to be included is that which Lord Morley preserves in one of his works, at the expense of the *Times*. It is doubly interesting in this, the Darwin centenary year. The great journal was very angry over the naturalist's speculations as to the descent of man. It censured him severely for revealing his particular zoological conclusions to the general public "at a moment when the sky of Paris was red with the incendiary flames of the Commune."

Praised with Curses.

Apropos of literary judgments, one of the quaintest bits of criticism of Mr. Kipling's work has never yet been put on paper. It was acted, not written; and the dramatis personæ were two extremely able journalists. One of them, the editor of a big English daily, pounced upon "Barrack-Room Ballads," and marched round and

round a public square, on his way to the office, reading them. Then he hustled up to the reporters' room, banged down the book before his chief reporter, and demanded—"What do you think of that?" "That" was the story of "Gunga Din." The hardened journalist sniffed, but read out of courtesy to his editor. As he read he grew very serious, and presently tears began to stream down his honest face. At the finish he bowed his head upon his arms, and wept like a boy. Then he remembered that he was not alone, and shame came upon him. With the tears still flowing, he cursed Kipling in all the



THE GUARDIANS OF THE RHINEGOLD AT BUDA-PESTH: THE RHINE MAIDENS, IN "DAS RHEINGOLD," IN THE OPERA-HOUSE OF THE HUNGARIAN CAPITAL.

The system used in the manoeuvring of the Rhine Maidens is akin to that of the ordinary flying ballet. The method illustrated is in vogue in the Buda-Pesth Opera-House. One who has seen it has described it as follows: "From the auditorium the three maidens, Flosshilde, Wiegunde, and Woglinde, are seen coming and going, plunging into the depths of the water with the ease of fish. Then they climb up the rocks and disappear, escaping from Alberich. The Rhine Maidens are attached to wires, which are invisible to the audience."

Photograph by Odan Békéi.

tongues of which he is master; cursed him for daring to write "stuff" which caused a man to make a fool of himself. And he threw the volume at the ceiling, then madly kicked it round and round the room.

Putting it Neatly.

Sir Robert Hart's appreciation of the knowledge and wisdom of the Chinese makes one wonder how they explain the latest discoveries with which the scientists of the West are engaged. It goes without saying that, once they get to understand anything that happens in Occidental realms, they are able to show a Chinese precedent for it. Even the taxi-cab, as everybody by this time knows, is a back-number in China. They have forgotten more than most Western nations ever knew. But their forgetfulness is a little serious. They progressed as far as taxis, but they never managed to take in the bicycle on the way. When a couple of American world-touring cyclists set out for China a dozen or so years ago, they applied, for some reason or other, to the Chinese Ambassador in London for their passports. He described their bicycles as "sitting, foot-moving machines." This description developed in China into "foreign horse," "flying machine," "self-moving cart," and came eventually to be described as "the little mule that you drive by the ears and kick in the sides to make him go." How would they describe the Wright brothers' invention?

GETTING ON SWIMMINGLY: NYMPHS OUT OF WATER.



PRIMA-DONNAS ON WIRES—AND TENTERHOOKS: THE RHINE MAIDENS LEARNING TO "SWIM,"
BEFORE A PERFORMANCE OF "DAS RHEINGOLD."

As may be noted, the ladies who play the parts of the Rhine Maidens, Woglinde, Wellgunde, and Flosshilde, in "Das Rheingold," are on wires during their performance, and there is very little doubt, in most cases, also on tenterhooks—although, of course, they are absolutely safe. By means of an ingenious system of wires, they are enabled, while suspended in the air, to imitate the actions of the swimmer to perfection. The photograph shows a rehearsal at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

Photograph by White.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



Exit Charles
Surface—Enter
Sir Oliver.

dramatist than even Sheridan, with Mr. Tree, who produces the play to-morrow (Wednesday) evening, as recording secretary. No

playgoer will need reminding that the side-note to this paragraph refers to Mr. Henry Neville, the genial Sir Oliver of the "star" cast, who was the prince of Charles Surfaces of his day. He has played the part over a thousand times, and it may be said to have belonged to him by right since he triumphed in it in the old days at the Vaudeville Theatre, when the play, produced for a benefit by Messrs. David James and Thomas Thorne, ran for over five hundred nights; and again, under Mr. Thorne alone,

LIVING CARICATURES
OF CELEBRITIES OF
THE FRENCH
THEATRICAL WORLD.

Miss Marion Cecil-Marlow, who, during Miss Isabel Jay's recent absence from the cast of "The King of Cadonia," did duty for her with signal success. During one tour of "Peggy Machree," on the first night of her appearance as Peggy, Miss Cecil-Marlow had to sing a number to the hero from a balcony, thus recalling, in a measure, something of the Balcony Scene in "Romeo and Juliet." But just as she was beginning her song a little black kitten walked deliberately on to the stage, sat down, and

looked up with wondering eyes at the young actress. The audience, it need hardly be said, at once began to titter. That and the stolidity of the kitten were too much for Miss Cecil-Marlow, so

she began to laugh too. She laughed so much that she had to leave off singing. In the mean-

time, the poor hero, who was standing with his back to the audience, and looking up at Peggy, and therefore could not see the kitten, turned hot and cold alternately, as he wondered what was the matter with his comrade in the scene. Seeing that it was useless to stand there doing nothing, Miss Cecil-Marlow pointed to the kitten, and rushed off the stage amid the renewed laughter of the audience. Her exit was the cue for the hero to burst into a rhapsody. What hero, however, could rhapsodise with an audience rocking with laughter, while a black kitten sat and washed its black face with its black paw? The hero turned, saw what was the matter, and, instead of bursting into a rhapsody, he burst into laughter. He picked up the kitten and walked off the stage with it, to the intense delight of the audience.

Another of Mr.
Huntley Wright's
Landladies.

There is another delightful experience of Mr. Huntley Wright's with a landlady to add to the one told on this page last week. She was an old woman well past seventy, and her name was Mrs. Watson. As he was going to the theatre Mr. Wright told her to leave the cold joint and some beer in the sitting-room, so that he could have supper when he

returned. When he got back after the performance he saw that the joint had been heavily cut into, and that, instead of one bottle of beer being left unopened for him as usual, two bottles had been drawn and drunk. He looked around, and on the sofa

lay Mrs. Watson, fast asleep, with her cap all awry and cocked rakishly over one eye. Mr. Wright called to her, but she slept on peacefully. He shook her, but she still slumbered undisturbed. Then he shook her, and shook her again. At length she opened one eye, sat up, and looked vacantly around. "Mrs. Watson," he exclaimed, as sternly as he could, "what is the meaning of this? You have been drinking my beer, - Mrs.

Watson." The old lady shook her head, and a fatuous smile gleamed in the eye under the crooked cap. "Don't call me Mrs. Watson," she hiccupped; "call me Nellie."



"M. SAMUEL."

for another five hundred. It is to be hoped that the new Charles will have no such disconcerting experience as once happened to Mr. Neville in the Screen Scene. As every *Sketch* reader knows, after Lady Teazle has gone behind the screen, she has a long time to wait before she is discovered. In order to meet the desires of the actress who was playing the part, the scene was so arranged that Lady Teazle could leave the stage whenever she desired to do so. One night, when Mr. Neville, as Charles, threw down the screen, instead of Lady Teazle being discovered, a prey to varied emotions, there was no one to be seen. She had gone to her dressing-room to add a touch to her make-up, and had miscalculated the time, with lamentable results to the scene. On another occasion, when the late William Farren and Mr. Neville were playing their portion of the Screen Scene, they suddenly saw smoke and fire coming through the stage. They realised that if they appeared in the least disconcerted the audience would probably be panic-stricken, so they went on as if nothing had happened. A moment later, however, the audience noticed the fire, and, sheep-like, they rose in their places and followed the leaders, who made for one exit, although there were several. Acting was then useless to allay the commotion. Reality had to play its part. Mr. Neville and Mr. Farren both went to the footlights and appealed to the audience to return to their seats, assuring them that the fire was quite trivial and would soon be put out. Eventually, they succeeded in allaying the fears of the public, and when the audience had quieted down they resumed the scene as if nothing had happened. All the same, it might have been a serious matter, for the property-room, situated under the stage, was on fire, and it took some time before the firemen could extinguish it.

"It was the Cat!"

If all the scenes which have been



"M. GAILHARD."

ruined by cats could be tabulated it would take more than each of their nine lives to expiate them. Few of these contretemps have been more complete than that which happened to



"M. GUITRY."



"M. MICHAUD."



"M. POREL."



"M. FRANCK."

SOLD AGAIN!



THIS IS NOT A REPETITION OF THE ANCIENT LODGING-HOUSE EGG JOKE. IT SHOWS OLD JONES ENDEAVOURING TO RECALL MISS MAUD ALLAN'S "SPRING SONG" DANCE.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE-WILSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

What Great Men Read.

It is a common delusion of people who write more or less intellectual books that intellectual people will read them in preference to books which are otherwise, and it would be a wholesome discipline for them to know what books are really read, for pleasure and recreation, by men of eminence and distinction in other professions than that of writing. They would be surprised pretty frequently. Of course, there are certain writers of intellectual value with whose books these great men are likely to have a bowing acquaintance if they have any literary taste at all or live in an "intellectual atmosphere"—some of them don't—but it is quite common to find that their favourite contemporary authors are those popular also with the crowd. I remember that at one time a less natural illusion was frequently held—that the affair was one of class. There were critics who seemed actually to believe that the popular authors whom they despised were only read by the "lower classes," and that your duchesses and the like never looked at them. That, of

course, was vanity, and I should think was exploded by now. The other illusion, however, is still frequent: I should have it myself very likely, if I were not so often finding it disproved.

Popular Novels.

For example, a little time ago I was told by a University dignitary that he found it difficult, when his work was over in the evening, to tear himself away from "a good story by Henty." And only yesterday an extremely eminent man of science was talking with me on the subject: he said



A LIVING GATE IN THE VILLAGE IN WHICH MR. NAT GOULD LIVES; THE CHURCH AT BEDFONT. Reproduced from "The Magic of Sport," by permission of the publisher, Mr. John Long.

that what he wanted to rest his mind was a novel which would hold his attention without worrying him, and when I asked what fortunate author gave him this desideratum he said "Oppenheim." I hope Mr. Oppenheim will forgive me for thus mentioning him with the implication that he is a popular, and not an intellectual author. He can afford to, surely, for my scientific friend is really a great man, and it is a distinction to be the chosen novelist of his leisure: far more so than to be thought intellectual by a mere superior, sniffing critic like myself. But there you are, so to speak. Your indubitably fine intellect is as likely as not—or more likely—to turn in its leisure to a simple story, which shall beguile it with a succession of incidents, than to a social problem or the latest thing in emotional complications.

Mr. Oppenheim's Latest.

I was so strongly impressed that I immediately got Mr. Oppenheim's latest novel—"The Long Arm," by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Ward, Lock, and Co.)—from the library, for previously—my apologies again, but one can't read everything—I had known him by name only. I do not know if it is reckoned a good specimen of his art, but I can make him my compliments on it. I quite understand the attraction: the incidents followed one another briskly; something was always happening; and the book was well written. The only criticism I have to offer is that I did not care what happened: if Mr. Oppenheim had only contrived to interest me in his hero I should have enjoyed myself much more. The said hero had been swindled, and more deeply injured still, by a gang of thieves; he made a list of them, and proceeded methodically to ruin them, one by one. But though I was told, on his own authority, that he had never "lied to a woman," which certainly, if true, made him an exceptional person, I could not care if he succeeded in his revenge or not. But I liked the incidents, especially one where he exposes a couple of card-sharpers: it is described much more naturally than such incidents usually are in fiction.

The New Carlyle Letters.

"The Love-Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh," edited by Mr. Alexander Carlyle and published by John Lane, are no doubt assured of a wide reading. They are—but this goes without saying—extremely characteristic. Carlyle, as a philosopher or a "sage," was, in my humble opinion, greatly overrated by his contemporaries, but there

can be no question about his great power and force both of intellect and character. It is, I think, possible to exaggerate the abilities of his wife: she has always seemed to me a clever and witty woman, but not more so than very many I have known both through books and in life. These early letters of hers testify again to her brightness and powers of expression, and Carlyle's are what one would expect, serious, full of feeling, playful at times, shot through (as was natural in the circumstances) with hope and doubt. As to why these two young people waited so many years before they married, it seems unpertinent, even at this date, to speculate, N. O. I.



AUTHOR OF "THE MAGIC OF SPORT": MR. NAT GOULD.

Mr. Nat Gould's book is mainly autobiographical. It should prove of great interest, not only to those who know Mr. Gould personally, but to those who know him only by his many sporting stories.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry; reproduced from "The Magic of Sport," by permission of the publisher, Mr. John Long.



MR. NAT GOULD, HIS WIFE, AND HIS FAMILY.

Reproduced from "The Magic of Sport," by permission of the publisher, Mr. John Long.

THE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.



THE CAUSE OF ALL THE TROUBLE (marked with an x): Sorry.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

OGILVIE'S LOVE.

By G. B. LANCASTER.

"IT'S a risky game," said Maclean.

Ogilvie laughed. He was booted and spurred, with the look in his eyes which a man wears when he goes out to hunt to the death.

"A bold game is always risky," he said. "But it pays . . . nine times out of ten."

"And the tenth?"

Ogilvie laughed again, knocking out his pipe-ash.

"This isn't going to be the tenth," he said. "So long, Mac. Wish me luck."

Maclean growled. For he was fond of the Special Constable who had brought more of New Zealand's wild sinners to justice than any other man of his time.

"I wish you more sense," he said. "You could do with it. 'Night; and stick to Areta."

Areta was a half-caste girl from Mahinapua Pa, and Ogilvie loved her with the first love of a strong man—and this is the last love too, when it comes late, as Ogilvie's came. The hardness left his eyes as he turned out of the gate and tramped up the narrow Maori track between the walls of heavy bush.

Overhead, the apple-scented karaka-trees met, closing out the moonlight, and from leftward rolled the thunder of the sea. A light-flung karaka-berry switched up the dust at his feet, and Ogilvie stooped, with a sudden flush on his weather-browned skin. For the karaka-berries were Areta's letters. Ogilvie knew them all. There was the young green one for "Pass me by and do not see me." There was the streaked green-and-gold for "You can come and find me if you like," and the full-ripened, golden berry said: "I am coming to you, my lord." But the berry with the brown dulness of autumn meant "There is trouble for me." This was the berry which Ogilvie held now, and he had seen it from Areta's hand once only before.

He drew in his lips, standing straight in the narrow track. There was a rustle in the bush on his right—a soft rustle, stirring the heavy scent of the karakas and bringing Ogilvie's heart to his throat. For he loved the girl very dearly.

Then she came, with quick, light feet on the grass and warm, slim arms round his body, and low, English words coaxing his ears.

"I was waiting, *kare-a-toto*. But you will not go. Say to me that you will not go."

Ogilvie tilted her face with his hand under her chin. It was the fair, oval face of the half-caste, with red lips, full and pouting, and dark eyes, long and soft.

"*Ka te noa*," he said fondly. "I have said it, dear little girl. And you know me. I do not talk with double tongues."

Areta shivered. Then her soft hands came round his neck.

"*Aue*," she said. "*Ko te rua tenei o nga kimonga*. Yes, truly, it is great trouble. But I have said that I will take you, and so—"

"Not if you are afraid, Areta"—the man's voice was very tender. "I am going to get Henare to-night, you know. And if you don't like to see me do it . . ."

"Henare is a strong man," said Areta. "And Hone Hepa is a stronger. Also, he is father to Henare. A great *rangatira* is Hone Hepa."

"Little girl, the sight of one strong man doesn't scare another strong man. Henare will be at the Pa to-night, and I am going to take him before he has time to find out how much I know. And I must go to the Pa to get him, my sweetheart. I might get in without you. But with you it is easier."

She clung to him in a long, tense silence. Both knew the danger that waited ahead. But Ogilvie obeyed his duty, and the girl obeyed her lover. Then they turned, walking swiftly up the winding track through the warm, silent bush, and the man's arm was round the girl's slender shoulders.

The Pa was rotting with age and with filth, and the Maoris within it were rotting also. For the brave spirit of their forefathers was dead in them before the vices of the *pakeha*, and in place of lives of men in fair fight, they took the lives of sheep and cattle stolen in the night. Twenty men were loafing about the raupo and flax-whares, and they nodded carelessly to Ogilvie, unmoving. Two came up and spoke. For there was chance of tobacco or money from the keen-eyed white man.

Ten minutes later Areta touched his shoulder where he leaned on a wall talking with Areta's bulky mother.

"Now you will know," she whispered in English. "Hone Hepa is going to dance the spear-dance. I do not know why; but it will make the young men drunk with fight. Then you will see and know that you cannot take Henare to-night."

Her voice was broken with fear and pleading, and the tremor in it tore at Ogilvie's heart. But he glanced aside on the coarse, burly Maori spread in the doorway of a whare, and his sinews tightened.

"Henare is quiet enough now. And I've got something that can persuade him if he turns rusty. No, I can't wait till to-morrow, love."

"Then . . . now . . . now. *Aue e*. Ah! take him before the young men are made angry."

Ogilvie laughed, taking her face between his hands. For the time the man in him had overcome the lover.

"Not likely. What! With a *rangatira* going to dance the spear-dance! Dear one, a white man doesn't see that twice in his lifetime. D'you think I'm going to spoil sport? You don't know me yet, Areta."

Then she prayed him, under breath and swiftly—prayed him by his love for her, by the gods . . . by all the joys that might come for them both. And Ogilvie shook his head, and stooped in the shadows to kiss her lips. "You don't know a man yet, little one," he told her. And then, at her sudden gasping breath, he wheeled, looking on Hone Hepa.

Hone Hepa had been a brave man and a warrior once. That was long ago. Now he was something that shook and swayed like a withered leaf on the tree, and he was ugly beyond any words at all. He carried a koradi-stick, and his lean, tattooed body was naked, save for the *piu-piu* of clattering flax-leaves.

About the whares and about the koppa fires the Maoris squatted, suddenly tense and awake. Their dark, heavy faces, with the white teeth and eyeballs, reminded Ogilvie of almond toffee well baked. He grinned, sliding down with his back to a pole with a carved head atop, and hands round his knees, rejoicing in spirit. For the true dances among the tribes have given way before the stagger born of bad whisky or rum.

Out of the shadows a woman struck up a drone that made Ogilvie jump. It came from the top of the palate—sudden and strange and unending. Hone Hepa quivered at the hearing of it; swayed, and straightened for the lunge. Slowly, wearily, he moved at first, for the man and the warrior were near past in him. The drone swelled louder, quickened, and the creeping thing before them quickened with it.

"*E-ya*," he said, and lunged. And the hair twitched on the nape of Ogilvie's neck to see.

Behind the trees the evening lights were stirring, taking the shape of the shadows of men. Hone Hepa saw, and his dulled eyes lit, and he stalked them as once he had stalked his living enemies.

All the Pa knew it, and they huddled together and stared, with one long sigh that shut off to a dead silence, wherein the wailing chant held its own. Hone Hepa was waking. His tongue lolled loose in his mouth; his eyeballs were set, and every muscle of his lean body was crawling, snakelike and horrible, under his tattoo spirals. Then life came to the man, and power, and the lust of slaying. The koradi-stick glanced and thrust and slew in swiftiness beyond the tally kept by eyesight. Each lunge brought a quivering death to the shadows, and the deep chest sobbed and roared out its war-notes until the hands of the young men twitched and their eyes grew bloodshot, and the answering grunts rose in their own bull throats.

A koppa fire flung a shadow in scarlet on the grass. Hone Hepa crept to it in a sudden-dropped silence that left the blood fluttering at Ogilvie's heart. Then he sprang with a black curse, and slew. Until Ogilvie could have sworn that red dripped from the point of the stick. He crept back again—noiseless, stooping, with head that moved quick and merciless as a snake's, and knotted hands that shook with the force that gripped him.

And yet the chant rocked in from the shadows, and yet the young men quivered and thrilled, with nostrils blown out and strong, heavy limbs tightening.

[Continued overleaf]

THE COCK THAT WAS FEELING DICKY.



THE COCK: What's the use of anything, anyway? Nothing but an egg yesterday, and a feather-duster to-morrow.

DRAWN BY MARK HENDERSON.

Behind her mother's bowed shoulder Areta looked out at Ogilvie in appeal that was absolute fear. The hush of the heavy, tense life about her, the closing shadows, the knowledge of the fierceness behind all this pressed on her with cold, relentless hands. But Ogilvie was watching the men, and the smile was on his mouth-corners.

The drone snapped short, and Hone Hepa dropped as though hit by the silence. Then the young men sprang up with a mighty shout. Their eyes rolled, their hands and feet beat time as they smote with the open palm against the bent knee. They were looking past Ogilvie to Areta, and in the roll of sound Ogilvie caught one word which he knew. It brought him to his feet with wild eyes and stammering tongue. Then Henare slouched forward to the girl, and the shout bellowed to roars of laughter.

Ogilvie was a strong man and quick-witted. But he went mad for five helpless minutes while the sight and smell of heavy brown faces and thick hands and brown, hot flesh pinned him down. And when, in utter exhaustion, he rose and staggered up against the nearest whare, Areta was gone, and Henare was gone with her. Over the glow of the fire Hone Hepa crouched with his hands spread, and Ogilvie sprang for him with a scream of understanding rage. But of what came next he gave no explanation whatever to Maclean when he waked him in the pale dawn.

"Hone Hepa has cursed me," said he. "Did you know that a Maori's curse meant anything to a white man? It does. It means more than you'll ever know."

Hone Hepa was a *tohunga*, and the nearest English translation of this is wizard. But not even that accounted for all that showed in Ogilvie's face. Maclean stared at him where he sat on the bedside with a terror more awful than any man should know in his eyes. His face was sunken and the skin looked yellow, and his hands hung nerveless.

"Hone Hepa knew my game," he said. "And he played to stop it. Henare has married Areta . . . as they count marriage: I can kill him. But that won't lift the curse, you know."

He spoke calmly, as one who believes. Maclean shivered in his bed.

"You go and get a brandy-and-soda," he said. "Get two. Then come back and talk sense."

Ogilvie smiled. It was not the smile which he had used to Areta.

"I didn't expect you to understand," he said. "But I do. And I am going after them . . . up the Ngaipuri Valley. Will you come too? I am going to kill Henare."

Maclean looked at him curiously.

"I don't know what's got you, Ogilvie," he said. "She's only a half-caste, when all's said."

"And he is a devil. There were ten years for him if I'd caught him. Now I'll manage the thing myself. I want you along to bring her back in case . . ."

"Well," said Maclean. Then he grunted and thrust his legs over the bedside slowly.

It was on the same evening that Ogilvie came suddenly to the tracks of a heavily laden horse up the wet bush-path. He had not spoken since they took saddle at sun-up. Now he turned to Maclean.

"We're pretty close up," he said. "I'm going to kick it in, Mac. I think he'll kill me; but I shall save her first. Mac . . . see all those faces moving in the trees over there?"

Maclean glanced round uneasily. But there was only the sunlight in the branches and the shadows in between.

"You go to blazes!"

he said sharply. "Did you never see the bush before, you idiot?"

"Not living like this," muttered Ogilvie, and the drops stood on his forehead. "Hone Hepa cursed me, you know. He cursed me again if I went after Henare. And—I am going after him."

Maclean snatched at his bridle-rein.

"You're coming back with me," he said in sudden alarm. "I'm not riding ties with a madman up here, Ogilvie."

Ogilvie laughed, wrenching free.

"You can't help it," he cried. "You can't help it. You . . . there are those faces again. . . ."

He struck in the spurs with a shout and scudded up the unmade track, riding low, and twisting his neck left and right. But Maclean had seen the eyes as Ogilvie passed him, and he went giddy with a horror that had no name. Then he got out whip and spur, and chased the flying man. And to him, as he raced, came some knowledge of the inner life of the bush as it might be to those who understood.

Either side stood the nikau-palms, bulbous-bodied and pallid, like a bloated man. Either side leering fungus-growths of red and green and yellow oozed from the dead trees where the kia-kis vine was climbing and nodding its head of stiff bristles. Either side reared the thick rata-vines with their thousand linked legs, distinct as a centipede on end. And in their relentless grasp the naked tree from which they sucked their life rattled in the light breeze as a skeleton rattles. The tall trees were choked to the throat by close-knotted creepers, and no sound of bird or of animal suggested the full-blooded life of nature to bring relief to Maclean. This was the land of Hone Hepa, the *tohunga*: a strange land, where the fall of a leaf or the creak of a dead bough alone told that it was not the mystery of a dream of the night.

In the distance, where the grey shadows lay close, Ogilvie was rocking in the saddle; and crying with loud wailings as a child cries. But this was more awful than the crying of any man, for it told of the grown soul of a man in the grip of something unnamable. Maclean flogged his mare, and the trees reeled past, swift and unending.

"Kamate!" shouted Ogilvie, in a great voice that blew back down the narrow way. "Kamate! Kamate! Aue! Aue! Henare!"

Kamate is the death-cry to the Maori ever. And though Ogilvie was dead when Maclean found him, Henare was underneath in the soft mud of the road, and Henare was unequivocally dead, too. Areta sat in a clump of bracken, sobbing. But she came out and helped Maclean lash Ogilvie into the saddle with much common-sense and no emotion at all.

Maclean tried vainly to shut the white man's eyes; but neither he nor anyone else could keep the lids closed over that which the dead man saw. And Ogilvie went home, and into his coffin, and into his grave, staring widely.

Areta spoke to Maclean in the bush-track some days later.

"It is good to be loved by two men," she said. "But if they two do kill each the other, where is that good for me?"

Maclean laughed—a sudden, hysterical laugh. For this girl Ogilvie had faced that which he believed to be worse than death . . . and what he had found no man could tell.

"There are more than two men in the world, Areta," he said. "Go, find a third."

And before the grass was long over Ogilvie Areta did so.

THE END.



HER SHOUT.

[DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.]

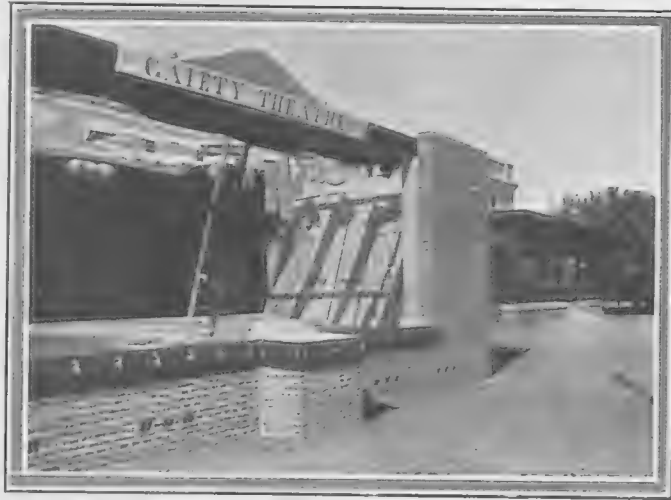
LANDLADY: The whisky is all gone, Sir. Shall I order some more?
LODGER: 'Er, yes; I think it's your turn.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

FOR their Easter sojourn the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk have chosen Seville as against Rome, and it is to Spain that "letters will *not* be forwarded," as the orders left in St. James's Square express it. Our premier Duke and Duchess have chosen Seville for the sake of the rare ceremony performed each Easter in its Cathedral. Ten boys, wearing short, white silk breeches, tunics of scarlet and white satin, long streamers of the same colours floating from the shoulder, sashes and stockings of bright silk, and hats made gay with ostrich-feathers and rosettes, dance in the sanctuary; clacking their castanets, or "postizas," they sway hither and thither before the altar, and Arundel has never seen the like. Nor, indeed, has Rome, and the Vatican has even been found frowning on the cheerful ceremony. But the tradition has refused to be lightly swept aside, and the dancing boys now have the sanction of the highest authority. What English

has been assumed. The late Peer was, of course, a bachelor; and so far as he knew, he had no kinsman in the descent. But now that the matter is being examined, it appears quite likely that this ancient peerage (the late Baron was the thirty-third of his line) was originally created by writ, and in that case it descends in the female line, and will devolve upon Mr. Julian Gaisford, the son of the late Peer's elder sister, and the heir to the estates.

Rivals for Dr. Reich. Doubtless, many of Dr. Reich's habitual fair listeners will attend the "Collectors' Classes," to be held at the Carlton Galleries, as an appetite for a Baxter print, an Adam chimney-piece, or a Worcester saucer is almost as essential to the complete woman as a taste for Buddhism and bonnets. Mr. Percy Macquoid, who will "teach" silver or furniture, owns one of the choicest collections of old spoons in England, and many a time have his guests at the Yellow House mixed envy with



THE SOUDAN'S GAIETY: A THEATRE BUILT BY COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

The theatre was built by the pioneers of the 3rd Battalion Coldstream Guards. Members of the regiment wrote the play that was produced, painted the scenery for it, and acted it. The production bore the title, "My Man Shingle."

Photograph by the Fleet Agency.

visitors must constrain themselves to remember is that no clapping of hands may follow the singularly charming ceremony.

A Woman Who "Bosses" Fifty Mines.

To superintend the working of a mine is, in the ordinary way, sufficient work for one man. That, however, would be far from exhausting the energies of Mrs. N. C. Upham, for she supervises the actual running of fifty gold and silver mines at Montezuma, in the State of Colorado, and its neighbourhood. She is, indeed, one of the leading mine-owners in the State, and a few months ago, by a special dispensation, she represented the district of Columbia (where she formerly lived, and where

his chef's most admirable soups. It is a subtle torture for collectors to be fed with the spoons they covet beyond a kingdom.

Suburbia. It is the motor-car that makes Chelsea possible again: until mighty Petrol came to kill the interminable half-mile or so that separates Tite Street from the rest of the world, it was a suburb given over to painters—and Carlyle's statue. But now Lord and Lady Montagu of Beaulieu, having many motors, have taken their courage in both hands, and a house on Chelsea Embankment, where the river reminds them of their own lovely stretch of water in Hampshire. Lord Monkswell is a neighbour, and, after all, Eccleston Square, where Mr.



THE LADY WHO "BOSSSES" FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MINES: MRS. N. C. UPHAM.

Mrs. Upham is one of the leading mine-owners in the State of Colorado, and actually "bosses" fifty gold and silver mines. Naturally enough, she is much interested in all mining matters, her knowledge of which is as wide as it is thorough. When going from mine to mine, Mrs. Upham rides a burro, one of the native mountain asses. These are remarkably sure-footed, and have great powers of endurance.

Photograph by the Elite Studio, Denver.

she still occasionally resides) at the American Mining Congress, which was held in Pittsburg. During the week the Congress lasted, Mrs. Upham busied herself in connection with mine explosions and the coal-mines of the East, the fatalities in which she believes could be reduced by the exercise of more care. Mrs. Upham is, in addition, vice-president and general manager of the Gold Divide Mining, Milling, and Tunnel Company of Colorado.

The Howth Peerage. The newspapers have everywhere spoken of the Howth peerage as being now extinct. But I hear that this is not by any means so certain as



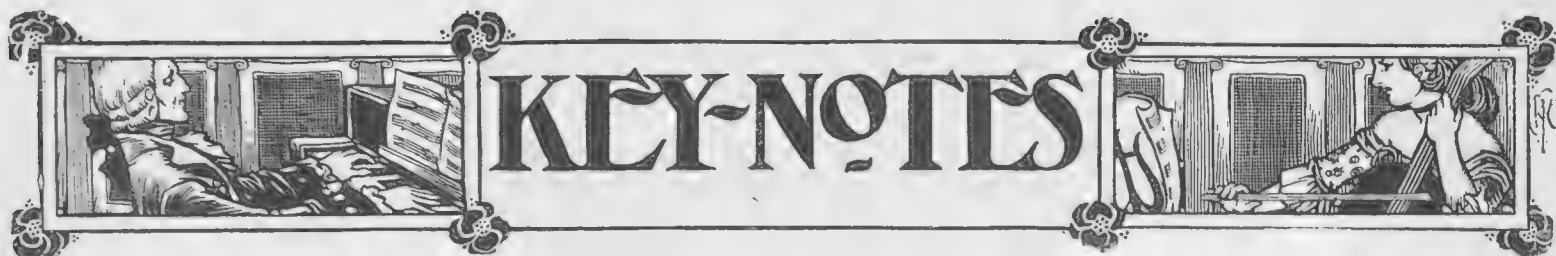
VISITING HER MINES: MRS. N. C. UPHAM ON HER "BURRO."



THE DOCTOR WHO VACCINATED THE SULTAN OF TURKEY'S MANY WIVES: DR. CLEMENTI.

There being no woman doctor available when the Sultan decided that his numerous wives should be vaccinated, Dr. Clementi was called in. Obviously, it was necessary that he should be admitted into the apartment of the imperial harem, but, equally obviously, he was not permitted to see his patients. A partition was built in one of the rooms, and through a hole in this each of the Sultan's wives put an arm in turn.

and Mrs. Winston Churchill—surely a very central couple?—have found their home, is not much less far afield. Meanwhile Lord and Lady Beauchamp are not in Belgrave Square, but—on Wimbledon Common. It may be long before Wimbledon Common bears much resemblance to Mayfair, but there are hopes for Chelsea. Lord Cadogan gives countenance to its borderland, even while Lady Chelsea knows more about Grasse and Grosvenor Square than about the purlieus of King's Road. Lady Battersea, whose house at the Marble Arch seems to be overwhelmed by the noise of the traffic, is another lady almost forgetful of the origins of her titular honours.



A Celebrated Singer.

Mme. Schumann-Heink, who met with an extraordinary reception at the Queen's Hall last week, is clearly one of the singers whom London does not readily forget. She made her operatic début, as far as London is concerned, in the early 'nineties, and between 1897 and 1900 was often heard at Covent Garden. During these years, and for several following, Mme. Schumann-Heink sang some of the leading contralto rôles at Bayreuth, and she was very successful, too, on the operatic stage in America. The recitative and rondo, "Non più di fiori," from Mozart's opera "La Clemenza di Tito," is one of the singer's favourite concert pieces. If we are not mistaken, she sang it on her last appearance at the Queen's Hall. The basset-horn, the old form of clarinet, for which Mozart had a great liking, was used; and Mr. F. Gomez played the obbligato very finely. It may be remembered that in the early days of his career, when Mr. Bernard Shaw was musical critic to the *Star*, he used to sign his notices "Corno di Bassetto." Many must regret the departure of this sweet-toned instrument from the modern orchestra, for its place is not entirely filled by the cor anglais.

Kalman Rév.

It is not a pleasant task to speak slightly of a prodigy who in the years when he ought to be in the nursery is dressed in the garments associated with prodigies and sent to the Albert Hall to play a glittering Concerto by Paganini, and one of Wieniawski's vulgar show pieces for the violin. Little Kalman Rév, who made his first appearance at the Albert Hall last week, presented these two pieces of music, and was received with great favour and enthusiasm. But whether the expressions of approval were the reward of his playing, or were concerned with his velvet suit, his broad white collar, and the long hair from which even a baby virtuoso may not be divorced, is a point that need hardly be laboured. Certainly the little boy has good gifts, and with equal certainty it may be added that these gifts demand the school and not the concert platform. Without troubling to alter the text of Horace as to gender, one would say to those responsible for the future of little Kalman Rév, *Nondum subacta ferre iugum valet cervice*. If he can be kept away from public performances and taught, among other things, the full significance of time and the mysteries of phrasing, he will become a great player; but if his precocity is not wisely directed, it is to be feared that disappointment will come with the years when knickerbockers are no longer permissible, and the white collar that Little Lord Fauntleroy made popular must needs be discarded.

The Reception to M. d'Indy.

The reception to M. d'Indy last week was a very pleasant function, and must have given the distinguished composer an agreeable souvenir of his visit to London. Messrs. Novello lent their hall, and the reception was given by the Society

of British Composers, the Concertgoers, and the Playgoers' Club. The evening was the more interesting because more of the composer's music was heard for the first time in London. It was a matter for regret that he had been represented at the Queen's Hall by some of his oldest work, but at the reception this reproach was removed. His piano sonata, which was finely interpreted by that rising young pianist, Miss Myra Hess, proved to be a work of real beauty and great daring, in which the various themes are displayed in the attractive fashion that one associates with the French composers. Perhaps M. d'Indy's work for the 'cello was not of equal interest, but in the single song by which he was represented he showed that he is among the few moderns who write for the voice as if they recognised its claim to consideration. Sir Frederick Bridge welcomed the guest of the evening and spoke of M. d'Indy's great work at the Schola Cantorum in Paris. This institution was founded by the composer in 1896. He conducts monthly concerts there, and finds time to hold eight classes every week. It is an institution of which any musician may be proud, and the reference to it by Sir Frederick Bridge was very happily timed.

Boston's Opera House.

A suggestion to build an opera-house in a great provincial city would be received with a certain amount of derision in London; it is to be feared that if the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre should be built, there will be small opportunities for the operatic performance for which Mr. Charles Manners has lately pleaded. But in America they manage things differently, and New York is not permitted to have the monopoly of opera-houses. One of the latest is recent in Boston, the corner-stone having been laid in November last. It was to cost a million dollars; but this estimate is likely to be exceeded, for some building gentlemen who had gone on strike would seem to have quarrelled with the work of their own hands. At least, this is the official explanation of the fact that, on Saturday night of last week, the front façade was blown up by dynamite. In spite of this little contretemps, the building is to proceed, and when it is completed, Mr. Henry Russell, who introduced the autumn opera season in London, is to take the management. He has been in all the leading musical centres on the Continent in search of talent, and is assisted by an advisory committee, which will sit in Europe and includes Lord Grimthorpe and Sir Paolo Tosti. The new opera-house faces the Boston Symphony Hall, where the famous Symphony Concerts are given, and in connection with the work of the opera-house a School of Grand Opera is to be started, so that in days to come America may be in the happy position of supplying her own talent and being independent of the splendid but costly material that is at present exported from Europe.

COMMON CHORD



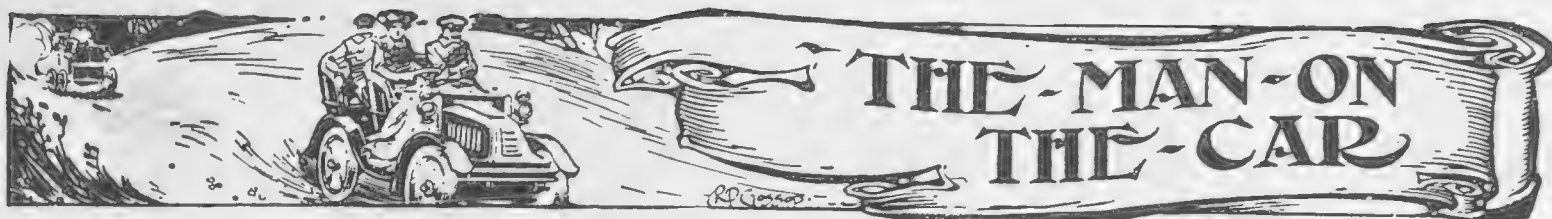
TO SING SELECTIONS FROM "THE WRECKERS":
FRÄULEIN SIGNI VON RAPPE.

Fräulein Von Rappe, a daughter of the Danish War Minister, is to make her first appearance in London at the third of the Thomas Beecham Orchestral Concerts at the Queen's Hall, on the 19th. She will sing "Amour, Amour," and other selections from Miss Ethel Smyth's opera, "The Wreckers." She has sung "Salome," under the conductorship of Richard Strauss; and is at present appearing in Vienna.—[Photograph by Hirsch.]



AN IVY-LEAF SOLOIST: SIGNOR BURATO VALENTINO AND
HIS CURIOUS INSTRUMENT.

Signor Valentino is a clarinet-player and conductor from Milan. He uses the ivy-leaf as he would the reed of a clarinet, placing it between his lips. The effect gained is said to resemble that of a violin, together with the vocal timbre and phrasing of an accomplished singer.



The Opening of Brooklands.

The Brooklands season may be said to have opened last Thursday with the Club-supervised trials of the 18-22-h.p. Armstrong-Whitworth first time that the newly made hill was brought into use for official testing purposes, and a party of experts and technical journalists were invited down to watch the operations. The hill itself, which is shaped out in the hill-side forming the members' enclosure, is divided into four sections—one flat, one 1 in 8, the next 1 in 5, and the final length 1 in 4—equivalent, I think, to the gradient of the steepest hill in the United Kingdom. Of course, the surface is better than any hill-road of this slope could be, and also it is straight, which hill-roads seldom are; but a gentle promenade to the top is a sufficient exercise. Across the division between each change of grade an electrical contact is arranged which will enable the speed of an ascending car to be ascertained over each slope and over the entire climb.

Accurate Acceleration Tests.

The submission of the 18-22-h.p. Armstrong also enabled the visitors to watch the operation, manipulation, and effect of the acceleration-testing apparatus designed (as was the electrical timing-apparatus at Brooklands) by Colonel Holden, R.A. The acceleration-measuring instrument consists of a reel, very much like a garden-hose reel in appearance, upon which a long length of light cord is wound. The free end of the cord is attached to the rear of the car to be tested, which is then started, and necessarily unwinds the cord at a speed equal to its progress. Electrical contacts are so fitted on to the sides of the wheel that the progressive speed at which the cord is unwound is accurately registered upon the tape of the electrical timing-machine.

Tardy Reports.

The 18-22-h.p. Armstrong-Whitworth car was subjected to such acceleration tests both on the flat and up the artificial hill. The results of the last-named experiments are awaited with interest, it being the first time that trials of the kind have been essayed with any registering apparatus of minute accuracy. At the moment of writing the official report has not been issued, the usual undesirable delay obtaining. It is

more than a pity that this should be so, for the public appetite, having been whetted by much publication of the scope and character of the trials, palls before full satisfaction is given, and much of the value of this hot-and-hot advertisement is lost.

The brake and clutch tests were of the severest character. The car was required to come to rest on each grade, and to re-start up the hill without the use of a sprag.

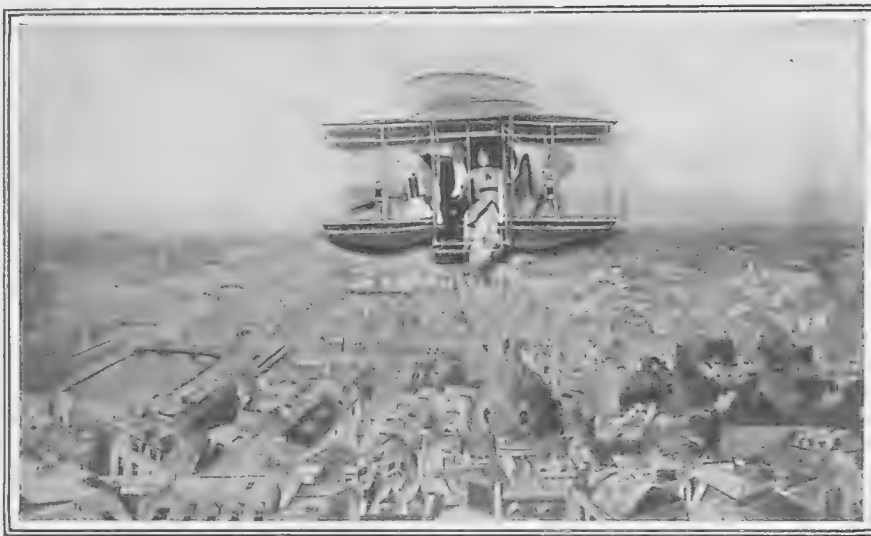
By Leaps and Bounds.

What-ever maybe alleged to the detriment of the Automobile Association, its popularity with, and usefulness to, motorists who present the twin letters is not to be denied. In proof of this, it needs only to cite the huge and enthusiastic gathering for the fourth annual dinner at the Hotel Cecil on the 24th ult., when over four hundred visitors and many distinguished guests were present. Strange to relate, and strongly in contrast to what is sometimes preferred as to police opinion, I noticed no fewer than three Chief Constables and the High Sheriff of Sussex supporting the gallant chairman, Colonel Bosworth. Speeches were conspicuous by their absence, the King only being honoured; but in the course of a short statement from the chair it was interesting to learn that the A.A. at its inception numbered 200 members only. Twelve months later, the roll boasted 2500 names; in 1908, the total membership had grown to 5500, and to-day no fewer than 8600 car-owners owe it allegiance.

Monaco and British Motor-Boats.

British motor-boating interests were not unrepresented at Monaco during the Monaco week. I am writing before the results are to hand, but it is to be hoped that the boats flying the Motor Yacht Club burgee at the largest international meeting of the year will have achieved some measure of success, and kept the flag flying as bravely as did the Wolseley-Siddeley craft twelve months ago. We depend upon the Duke of Westminster's as yet unnamed fifteen-metres vessel (750-h.p. Wolseley engines), reported to have attained a speed of thirty-four knots in her trials; Captain Laycock's small boat, *Gyrinus II.* (owned by Mr. Ber-

nard Redwood and Captain Field Richards); and Mr. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon's *Brabazon*, entered in the six-and-a-half to eight metres class.



AN ACTRESS IN A STAGE AEROPLANE: MISS ANNA HELD MAKING HER NIGHTLY TRIP "ACROSS PARIS," IN NEW YORK.

Photograph by the Fleet Agency.



AN ACTRESS AND A REAL AEROPLANE: MISS ANNA HELD ON THE "NEW YORK No. 1," WHICH SHE CHRISTENED THE OTHER DAY.

Miss Anna Held, the well-known American actress, is appearing in "Miss Innocence," at the New York Theatre, and in this makes a stage trip each night in an aeroplane, which apparently soars over Paris. It is thus but natural that she should be the first lady to christen formally an American aeroplane. This ceremony she carried out the other day, when she named Mr. Wilbur Kinball's invention "New York No. 1," breaking a bottle of champagne on a steel bar of the air-ship in the conventional fashion.

Photographs by the Fleet Agency.

[Continued on a later page.]

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Next Monday. Next week will be one huge carnival of racing under both sets of rules. In England and Ireland, on Monday, no fewer than eighteen meetings will be held—north, south, east, and west, so that the thousands who never

see a horse-race except on a Bank Holiday will be able to indulge their taste amply. At Kempton there is the Queen's Prize to be decided, that being the principal item in a real live programme. The holiday crowd will be afforded the opportunity of seeing the champion boy jockey, F. Wootton, in the big race, in which he has been engaged to ride Sir R. Jardine's Clarionet. This is a much-improved colt, and is bound to be a popular fancy. A feature of the Easter Monday programme at Kempton that has been dropped is the hurdle-race. I suppose it fell through on account of the difficulty experienced over the clashing with the "jumping" meeting at Manchester, where most of the prominent National Hunt jockeys and trainers congregate at Easter-time. But there is no doubt that from the

unknown jockeys get a chance of showing their capabilities. Other meetings crowded into the week are first and foremost Newmarket (Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday), Alexandra Park (Saturday), Birmingham (Monday), Newcastle (Monday and Tuesday), Dunstall Park (Tuesday), Cheltenham, Tarporey, Brocklesby (Wednesday); Uttoxeter, Glamorgan, Moreton-in-Marsh, and Hawthorn Hill (Thursday); Catterick Bridge (Thursday and Friday); Bangor, and Cavalry Brigade, Aldershot (Friday); and V. W. H. Hunt and Royal Artillery, Aldershot (Saturday). Truly a formidable list! But the more the merrier, say I. One cannot have too much of a good thing.

"Information." The Man in the Street is often referred to as typifying common knowledge. This is doubtless true as regards most things, but it frequently happens that he possesses uncommon knowledge about horses. I have been stopped frequently by men who stand at street-corners—the men who greet one as "guv'nor," or some such-like familiar name—and told that "so-and-so will win first time out."

WINNER OF THE LADIES' OPEN SINGLES
AT THE MONTE CARLO LAWN-TENNIS
TOURNAMENT:

MISS A. N. G. GREENE.

Photograph by Whiteway.



AMERICA'S AMATEUR GOLF
CHAMPION:

MR. JEROME D. TRAVERS FINISHING
A MASHIE SHOT.

Photograph by Wallace.

point of view of the public the Kempton Easter Monday Hurdle-Race was a very attractive event, and I was sorry when it was dropped. One is always sure, granted anything like decent weather, of seeing a large crowd at the Sunbury holiday fixtures. The enclosure can be reached with ease by rail, road, and river, and all the routes will be extensively patronised next Monday.

A Long List. Two important events next week under National Hunt rules are the Lancashire Steeplechase and the Jubilee Hurdle Race, each to be decided at Manchester. Each race, well endowed (the steeplechase being worth 2000 sovs. and the hurdle-race worth half that amount), will attract the best horses, in their different spheres, to the post, and the betting is generally heavy. The Steeplechase has been won in former years by more than one "paper certainty"; but there does not appear to be such a one this year, and it may be that Mr. Assheton Smith will win with one of his trio. Holiday folk will also be able to see cross-country sport at Huntingdon, West Norfolk Hunt, Portsmouth Park, Market Rasen, Grafton Hunt, Wincanton, Eridge Hunt, Carlisle, Hereford, Cardiff, Wetherby, and Torquay. The multiplicity of meetings serves more than one good purpose. In addition to affording amusement and, let us hope, winnings for the spectators, many



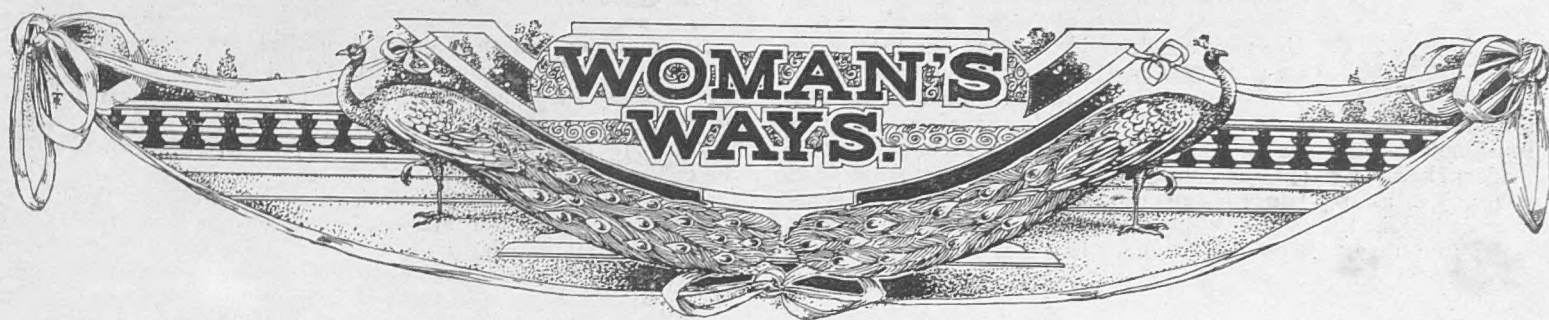
A "TELLING" ACT: CORPORAL-MAJOR W. ELLIOTT (OF THE
ARTISTS) CUTTING AN APPLE ON A DOG'S HEAD.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

smart Persinus. This is just one instance of many such that happen in the course of a year.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Racing Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

An Easter Rest-Cure.

For Londoners, the Easter holiday has become not a luxury, but a necessity. If we are candid, we must admit that we all look as dusty as our carpets, as faded as our chintzes. We want a spring renovation every whit as much as our drawing-rooms. The first unpromising April sunshine is by no means becoming to individuals who have racketed through the winter, endured the rigours of March, and are now exhibiting the pleasing after-effects of an attack of influenza. For the human biped is apt to look shabby about the face what time tiny green leaves uncurl and lambkins skip with four feet at once. And this is the moment, above all, to take a rest-cure in the country, for Easter house-parties, with their dinners, late hours, bridge, and motoring, are but a delusion in the way of repose. There is a well-known man in London who annually, in April, betakes himself to a comfortable inn in a remote spot, and there, for three weeks precisely, exists on minced beef and copious hot water, while taking a superabundance of exercise. At the end of this period of seclusion he emerges

ten years younger, having lost a stone of weight, and with a clear eye and complexion which positively dazzle all beholders. If we had the courage, we should all undergo this drastic solitary "cure."

The English and American Languages.

It is reassuring to learn, on the authority of Professor Gollancz, that there is no real danger of the American and English languages forming two distinct tongues. The professor urges—which is quite true—that "the ordinary literary language of America is founded on the standards of English literature, from which it differs very slightly." This may be so, but I wonder if he has ever sailed to the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, and tried to carry on a sustained conversation with, say, a messenger-boy, a Harvard undergraduate, or a cheery member of the New York Stock Exchange? If so, the Professor must be optimistic if he imagines the spoken language of the two split halves of the

words, but employs a picturesque phraseology, peppered with slang which changes every few weeks, to the complete mystification of the travelling Islander. Now, the educated American girl wishes, above all, to acquire the graces and niceties of the English tongue as it is spoken, let us say, at the Court of St. James's, and she seldom aspires to pose as ultra-American in her talk. Thus it may be the glorious mission of the American woman to rescue her ancestral tongue from becoming a mere *patois*, understandable only of the natives of the great Republic.

The Necessity of Superfluities.

At last we are to have a National Theatre, and it is to be hoped that Society will take up the cause, subscribe for boxes just as they do at the artificially subsidised Italian Opera, and make it the thing for all London to attend, with the imposing authority of fashion. Added to these efforts towards a higher drama should be an annual contribution from the State. The Nonconformist conscience—which never dies in these islands of ours—will, of course, raise its many heads and vigorously protest, but an intelligent Government would take no notice. For it is becoming more and more obvious in these cosmopolitan days that superfluities are the real necessities. Nothing attracts wanderers to a city like some paramount work of art. To most people Dresden means the Sistine Madonna; but having gathered the wanderer within her gates to view this incomparable canvas, Dresden takes care to have a handsome and enterprising opera-house to help to keep him there. As the editor of the *English Review* has recently pointed out, nothing pays a city so well as to make it an Art centre. He proves that our public galleries and museums attract serious students from abroad who expend in London at least £16,000 a year. And it is quite incalculable, he thinks, how much good solid money the purchase of the Rokeby Velasquez has set circulating in this town.

The Superior Person in the Pit.

Everyone who knows anything of the manners of this Metropolis knows that the Superior Person (who only goes to problem-plays) invariably, on the rare occasions when he does venture inside a theatre, pays his modest half-crown and takes his seat in the pit. Now, there is something about a problem-play and the pit which engenders conversation, not to say argument; and, if you keep your ears pricked, you will hear some surprising conversations. Dogmas are enunciated with heat, and theories discussed which would cause the roof to fly off a suburban villa. First Principles are much to the fore at matinée performances, nor are biology or physiology neglected by the protagonists to the argument. Quite recently an old lady of distinguished appearance—a perfect stranger—insisted on confiding her entire life history to her embarrassed neighbour. Zarathustra, it is obvious, must have been an habitué of this humble part of the theatre, for a passion for self-expression and self-revelation would seem to be engendered by its very atmosphere.



[Copyright.]

A CHIP HAT WITH A CROWN OF ROSES
AND A PARADISE OSPREY.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the
"Woman-About-Town" page.)



[Copyright.]

A GRACEFUL DRESS OF NINON-DE-SOIE
IN DUCK'S-EGG BLUE-GREEN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the
"Woman-About-Town" page.)

Anglo-Saxon race will be identical in fifty years' time. A male American, to be sure, is far more difficult to understand than a female American. He not only speaks faster and slurs his

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

The Latest About Luggage.

Use your big dress-baskets and Saratoga trunks for your hats, and put your little, soft-clinging dresses in your hat-boxes. That is the very sensible advice followed by a friend now airing the said hats in the sunshine at Monte Carlo. I offer it for the consideration of my readers, because I am sure that their hats have outgrown their boxes, just as pet dogs often do the elaborately ornamented kennels bought for them by confiding owners, who believe in assurances that they will grow no more. Hat-boxes last season were supposed to have arrived at the greatest possible circumference. Now altitude is also a necessity, as well as other things, for head-gear is as eccentric as it is big. Frocks, on the other hand, have never packed so easily as now since the eel-skin period of early 'seventies. Those of to-day go, as a matter of fact, into less space, because the materials are so much more soft and uncrushable. We shall see the porters, on our Eastertide travels, gaily shoulder the light and airy big luggage and stagger painfully along with the little things, such as my lady's fitted suit-case and her hat-boxes. He will realise the effect, although he may not rise to the fact that the cause is our large light-headedness!

Easter Holiday Gown and Hat.

Something new at Easter is indispensable to the proper feeling for the season, if not for the religious or conventional observance of it. On Woman's Ways page a drawing will be seen of a simple and graceful dress of ninon-de-soie in duck's-egg blue-green. The appropriateness of eggs to Easter is always recognised, if not always understood: diet plays a principal part in every British festival. The lace used to trim the gown is of floss silk-work, and is in duck's-egg white, for these birds are not consistent about the colour of their eggs. The gown is particularly suitable to holiday-making, for it answers equally for wear in the afternoon and evening. The hat is of chip with a crown of roses and a Paradise osprey.

Military Ladies' Chases.

Last week was a busy one for soldiers' wives. It began with the Grand Military at Sandown Park, which was shined on one day and rained on the next, and it ended with the Household Brigade Meeting at Hawthorn Hill. These are 'chases of absorbing interest to Service men and women. Neither of them gave one cause for remark on the subject of dress. We have passed a vote of censure on the weather: until it amends its ways we continue to wear Dreadnoughts in the way of thick coats and skirts. Hats are not particularly remarkable either, for the very latest in height and width would tax the hospitality of any but a carriage umbrella. However, the military lady knows how to make the best of herself in all circumstances. Whether it is from living in an atmosphere of drills and smartness or that they mentally absorb well-set-upness, there is an unmistakable look about the regimental lady. Hawthorn Hill brought out the *fin fleur* of the sporting soldier ladies, for the Household Brigade is the very acme of smartness. There was a cloud over it this year, for many a tender thought went to Captain Viscount Crichton, of the Blues, in the terrible trial he has endured.

Chrysalis to Butterfly.

The transformation in dress from dark to gay will soon come. It has been for some time foreshadowed in the shop windows; dully garbed crowds have stared at the fresh new materials and dresses and accessories. They have looked and longed, not so much for the things themselves as for weather to wear them in. The former are so much more easily attainable than is the latter. However, there are excellent promises. The new colours for the summer will be decided. Rose-colour, cherry-colour, flamingo, and currant will be fashionable in red; glacier, plumbago, peacock, and Russian

violet in blue. In greens, the assertive shades favoured in the Empire will be in vogue, while golden-fawn, sulphur, canary, and marigold all attract the attention of dress-lovers. Here in England black and white and grey are always with us. The last two years we have had grey seasons; that neutral colour, in all its nuances, has been more worn than any. Things now point more decidedly to a colour season and to flowers forming a feature in millinery. Sunshades, too, will be coloured.

Old-World Dressing.

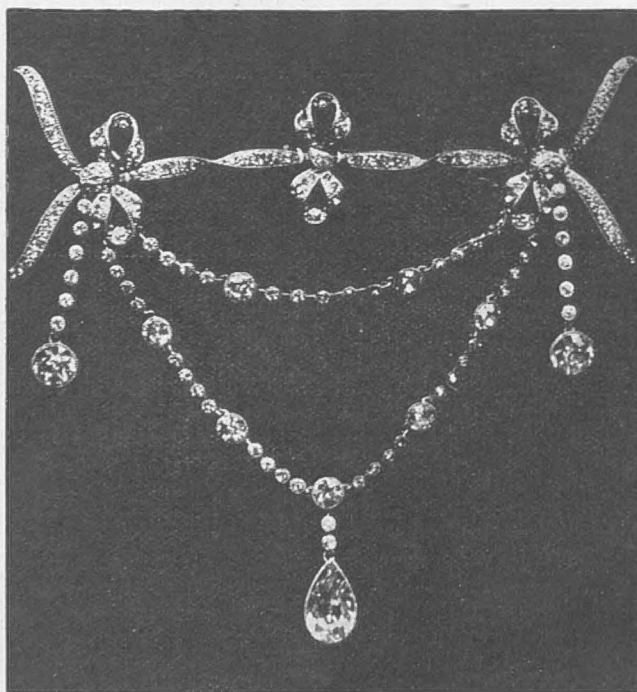
There is a singular fascination in the "School for Scandal" dresses as seen at His Majesty's. How good it would be for trade were they revived! Men could no longer fit themselves out so much less expensively than our sex; it would be a splendid step towards equalising the sexes. They could sympathise with us not only in our love of dress, but in the expense it entailed on us. The becomingness of powder and patch is once more exemplified; the daintiness of the short petticoat and the neatness of the well-shod feet. We shall never see these things revived in real life, therefore the pleasure of looking at them on the stage is one not to lose. The drop-scene at the Haymarket, with the minuet in progress, is always a joy to me: the atmosphere is so elegant. In these days it is pleasant to be reminded that British women once had manner and British men grace. Doubtless they have better things now, but those were good.

Navy Blue.

"They all love Jack" is true of British women, whether collectively or individually. If the suffrage were extended to the softer sex the Navy could never become a party matter—the vote would be given unanimously for all the ships required. Navy-blue is one of the popular colours that never goes out of favour; to it is added Dreadnought-grey, and Admiral of the Fleet Lord Charles Beresford stood in grave danger of sharing the fate of the Merry Widow, and having a very large version of a cocked-hat called after him. It did appear, but several ladies suggested that it was disrespectful to a great sailor, so it is now christened "l'Amiral." Gold braid and gilt buttons are coming into favour, and a blouse which has many admirers is called the "Handy Man." If the Suffragettes could man the ships they would never again risk incarceration in Holloway, nor would they shed one drop of their blood to win a vote. It would be "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and "Rule Britannia," possibly varied with "For Jack loves Jill"!



A HOT DRINK BY THE WAYSIDE: A THERMOS FLASK IN USE.



A DIAMOND NECK-ORNAMENT ON VELVET, AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

We have received from Messrs. T. Sealey, Clark and Co. the 1909 edition of that excellent work of reference "The Green Room Book," edited by Mr. John Parker. As its sub-title claims, it is indeed the "Who's Who" of the stage, and, as Mr. Tree expresses it in his commendatory preface, "It should certainly be on the table of every manager, and of all other persons interested in the affairs of the theatre in this kingdom." The present is the fourth issue of the volume, and contains nearly 2000 biographies, including an addition of some 250 prominent French and German theatrical people. The dramatic and musical obituary extends over 350 years and contains nearly 2000 names. The biographies form the bulk of the book, but there is, in addition, a vast store of concise and classified information on all matters connected with the stage—such as a review of the past

season, a synopsis of London, provincial, and New York playbills, with casts; a list of new plays in Paris during 1908; lists of theatres and halls in the British Isles, theatres in New York, Paris, and Berlin, particulars of theatrical clubs and associations, a dramatic and musical directory, and plans of the auditorium of the principal London theatres and music-halls—in short, "The Green Room Book" is indispensable to all interested in theatrical matters.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on April 14.

BEFORE EASTER—AND AFTER.

THE remarkable *volte face* in markets after the Austro-Servian incident closed had for its mainspring the scurry of bears to buy stock which they had been steadily selling for weeks past. By a singular coincidence the ease of the Money Market came at the same time into clear-cut prominence, stimulating the investor to enter the markets in competition with the professional operator, who, by his struggles to "get in," caused advances which whetted the appetite of the buyer waiting for markets to turn before he made his purchases. Prices were swept along so energetically that experience is fain to wonder whether the movement may not prove to be a little over-fast. Everyone seems to be laying in stock before Easter, on the idea that after the holidays there will be a grand rush to buy.

BOOMLETS IN THE JUNGLE.

Because for comparatively little money a man may still acquire a lot of shares, West Africans remain popular with certain speculators, whose buying is fanned, most judiciously, by support from the various "shops" concerned. That is the worst of the Jungle Market: it is shopridden to death. There are schemes for reorganising, amalgamating, reconstructing—all giving fat turns to insiders, jobbers, underwriters, all providing opportunities for getting the public to put up more money. The West African gold industry is going ahead steadily, and the recent inrush of capital provided by certain of the well-known South African undertakings, as well as by the financiering already mentioned, will no doubt have a salutary effect upon the output, as, indeed, it ought to do. People in the market tell us that the shares to watch for the rise are Fanti Consols, Prestea Block "A," Appantoo and Ashanti Goldfields.

KAFFIR CONSIDERATIONS.

Demonstrated that there is a good deal of "life in the old dog yet"; demonstrated, furthermore, that a revival in Kaffirs will find quick response in the public mind: by such things you shall see that, after all, the Kaffir Circus is as good a market to gamble in as any, save the Yankee. What you have to recognise frankly is the patent fact that, on dividend merits, most prices are fully high enough. Of course you will turn round and ask, with a touch of indignation, where the attraction lies for the purchase of shares. You imply there is none; but that, if we may venture to disagree, is an impression impetuous and shortsighted. Take the case, for instance, of Langlaagte Block "B." The mine is doing well, beneath the wing of the Langlaagte Estate. It is making a profit of something like £7000 a month—say, £80,000 a year. The capital is half a million: 16 per cent. being earned on it. In all probability, a dividend of 2s. will be paid this year, and the price is about 18s. middle. No scope for speculative investment here, do you think? Or Anglo-French. The Company holds large interests in Apex and other Far Eastern Rand concerns whose shares have risen substantially of late. For a short profit—for a gamble, in fact—why not Anglo-French at about forty shillings a share?

SEIZING THE BEAR BY THE TAIL.

The American market furnishes a solemn warning once more to all those who think they can play tricks with Wall Street. On the official figures of earnings, Steel Common were worth more like 20 than 50, and the maintenance of the Union Pacific's 10 per cent. dividends looked somewhat doubtful on the statistics presented. So the bears on this side went short, encouraged thereto by the Balkans imbroglio, and the Wall Street folks allowed the sellers a little rope with which to hang themselves, a privilege of which ample advantage has been taken. Now, naturally, the trade reports begin to glow more rosily. Instead of the Steel Corporation closing down factories, as was the case until quite lately, more are to be opened. Prosperity is hoisted up by the manipulators who control the market, and the Tariff Reform movement becomes hailed as a bull point in quarters which, not so very long ago, spoke lugubriously of it as a bear factor.

ANGLO-ARGENTINE TRAMWAYS.

The report of the Anglo-Argentine Tramways Company is very satisfactory in itself, and provides fresh evidence of the continued growth of the Argentine Republic in population and wealth. It is curious that in young countries like Australia and Argentina the tendency of the population to crowd into the great cities is even more marked than in the old countries in Europe, and the city of Buenos Ayres continues to advance by leaps and bounds. In the course of his report the General Manager remarks: "The city of Buenos Ayres continued to develop at the same, if not a greater, ratio than hitherto, the number of inhabitants on December 31 being officially estimated at 1,200,000, which is probably rather under than over the correct figure. . . . As regards new buildings erected during the year, although the exact value for the year has not yet been ascertained, the number of permits given by the authorities is greater than that of 1907, and everything points to the fact that the steady progress in building, which has been so marked a feature of the development of this city for many years past, has been maintained at the same level during 1908. . . . The value of real estate in the centre has been well maintained, and a very considerable further increase in value has taken place in the suburbs. . . ." In another part of his report the general manager comments with satisfaction on the decline in the influence exercised by the professional agitators and the greatly

improved relations between capital and labour throughout the country. This is, of course, a matter of great importance for this Company, and all the great employers of labour, the Railway Companies, etc. As is well known, the Anglo-Argentine Tramways Company has now absorbed almost all its rivals, and the result should be a greatly improved service and a great saving in working expenses, but it is impossible to institute comparisons at present until the transitional stage has been passed through. It will be noticed by shareholders that the 10 per cent. Second Preference shares, which have been recommended as an investment in this column much below their present price, have now become *Cumulative*, and when the Bill now in Parliament has been passed, they will be divided into two 5 per cent. *Cumulative* Preference shares each of £5, instead of one share at 10 per cent.; and as the First Preference shares are to be converted into Debenture stock, the present Second Preference will become a *Cumulative* First Preference share. The capital, ranking after these shares, at present issued is 300,000 5 per cent. Third Preference shares of £5 each, and 300,000 Ordinary shares of £5, on which a dividend of 6½ per cent. free of income tax has been declared. There is therefore £3,000,000 of capital behind the present Second Preference shares, and I think there can be little doubt that within a year or two the new First Preference shares should be quoted at par, or equivalent to £10 for the present shares, now about £9. At the current quotation these shares return 5½ per cent., and they should certainly be held as a good and improving investment. Q.

"ALL ABOUT INVESTMENT."

We have received for review a book under this title, by Mr. Henry Lowenfeld. In many ways "All About Investment" can be recommended to the great mass of people who find themselves in possession of funds to invest, and no knowledge of what to do with the gifts the gods have sent them. Mr. Lowenfeld's book will enable even the veriest tyro to understand the principles upon which he should act and the objects at which he should aim; and, although we do not believe in the elaborate theories of geographical distribution with which a large part of the volume is filled, we entirely agree with the elementary principle *that risks should be well spread*, not only as to locality, but also as to the nature of the investments held, and the risks to which they are exposed. The investor who wants 5 per cent. for his money, and puts it all into Breweries or into Telegraphs, or into any other class investment, is undoubtedly very unwise, and Mr. Lowenfeld's book will show him exactly why and how he is foolish. The chapters on "The World's Stock Markets," "Speculation," and "The Reader's Own Investments" will be of use to many readers whose own estimate of their knowledge is probably more exalted than it deserves. It is easier, we know, to ask a broker or a banker than to learn for oneself, but it will certainly pay to acquire some knowledge, if only so that you may gauge the value of the advice given. Friday, April 2, 1909.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RAILWAY.—(1) The bonds are fair security. You can judge of the risks of a Russian revolution as well as we can. (2) These people are, we believe, quite respectable, but they trade under limited liability, which does not inspire over-much confidence.

NOVICE.—We never answer anonymous communications.

PAPER.—Considering the interest they pay, the *Lady's Pictorial* shares are the best security we know. The dividend is covered more than twice over, and the shares yield over 8 per cent.

C. A. M.—International Trust Preference pay you £4 19s. per cent. at present price, and, as an income-producing security, are, we believe, quite safe.

THOMAS E.—We hear that the fall has been caused by a big block of shares going on the market.

CHEMIST.—The shares are all good, but very high, and subject to risks of trade. We think you could buy things which would give as good interest, and with more chance of a rise.

NOTE.—In consequence of being obliged to go to press early this week and next, we must ask the indulgence of correspondents who may find their letters unanswered.

RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Leicester, Roseate Dawn may win the Spring Handicap, Sealiff the Wigstone Plate, and Artisan the Workop Plate. At Kempton, the Queen's Prize may go to Clarionet; the Richmond Handicap to Desespoir; the Easter Monday Welter to Angelus; and the Rendlesham Plate to Volition. At Birmingham, I think Lister will win the Spring Handicap. I like Domino for the Lancashire Steeplechase at Manchester, and Pitsea may win the Jubilee Hurdle Race.

GENERAL NOTES.

ONE of the most noteworthy of Liberal baronets is Sir Francis Layland-Barrett, who sits for the Torquay Division of Devonshire. Sir Francis made his wife the pretty compliment of adopting her surname in addition to his own, for Lady Layland-Barrett was Miss Frances Layland. The whole family, including the new baronet's pretty daughters, are devoted to the sea and to yachting. Sir Francis is Commodore of the Royal Cornwall Yacht Club, and he spends many of his holidays cruising about the lovely Cornish and Devon seas.

A marriage of great interest to South Africans in London is about to take place, the bride being Miss Arbuckle, the daughter of the Agent-General for Natal, who was five times Mayor of Durban, and President of the Legislative Council of the colony he now represents in the Mother Country. Her bridegroom, Dr. Burkitt, has also won distinction in his profession.

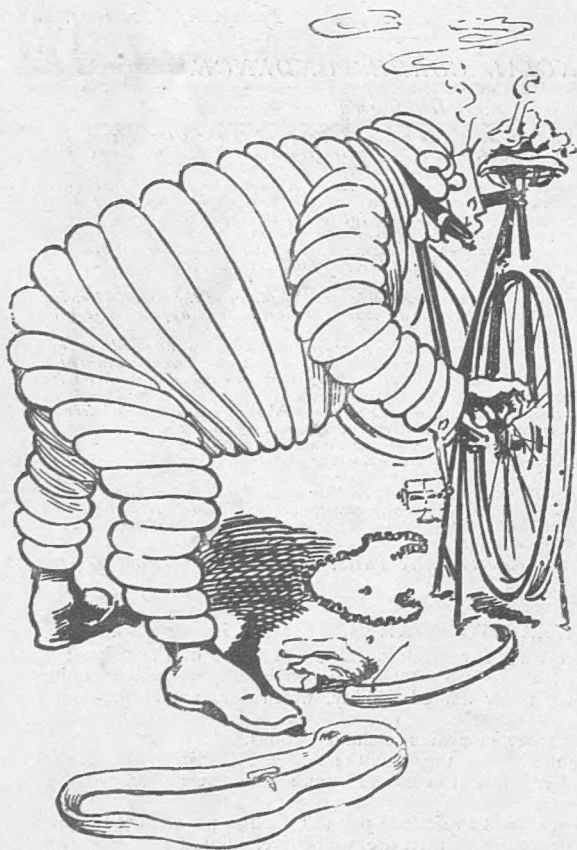
Lady Dickson-Poynder, who gave a great political party last Friday, April 2, was Miss Anne Dundas, a niece of Lord Napier of Magdala. As a girl she was a noted Edinburgh belle, her mother, Mrs. Robert Dundas, having been one of the most popular hostesses of the modern Athens. Lady Dickson-Poynder is clever and cultivated, and she was once wittily described as "chic, cheery, and courteous." When Sir John Dickson-Poynder joined the Liberal party his brilliant wife was very eagerly welcomed to the fold, but only lately has she entertained her husband's supporters and friends on a great scale.

Rome is exceptionally full of *forestieri* this Eastertide. Neither Seville, with its dances, nor Pau itself, with its flying men, can outrival St. Peter's, the Pincio, and the Palace of the Cæsars, attractions that must always prevail, and have prevailed once more with Lady Herbert of Lea. That marvellous woman, mother of two Earls of Pembroke—the first of whom would now be sixty did he live—and grandmother of elderly persons of

thirty years, is still active in the Eternal City, and the visitors at her flat are almost as numerous as the sightseers on the Palatine. Like her co-religionists, the "Norfolks," she knows the attractions of Spain, but she finds it difficult to keep out of hearing of the Easter bells of Rome.

The Countess of Onslow is already installed in the Dowager Countess of Carnarvon's Roman flat, and she is preparing it against her husband's arrival in a few days' time. Rome has many attractions at Eastertide, and among them the wallflowers, that are out on the ruins, and the iris, that may be found at the mouth of the Catacombs. In London the daffodil dances on every stall in the street breezes, and has found particular favour this year among mine hostess's silver salt-cellar. At this season flowers abound everywhere, varying according to the city of your choice. In Boston, for instance, a rose-bush covered with a small red bloom overflows the shops, and encumbers the pavements; and in California the prevalent long-stalked rose must be, according to an unwritten law, exactly the height of the lady you send it to. Just now it is Julia Marlowe—the divine Julia—who is receiving more flowers than any other woman in the States.

Another British subject—and citizen of the world—upon whom the fascination of Spain has been cast, but who has elected to go Romewards for the spring, is Mr. Cunningham Graham; and he has just made one of a party taken by the indefatigable Mr. St. Clair Baddeley over the ruins of the Palatine. It is Mr. St. Clair Baddeley's generous mission to elucidate the problems of crumbling palaces, and discover the secrets of the fallen temples of the Seven Hills to his friends—and they are many—among the English visitors to Rome. Did Mr. Cunningham Graham, when he listened the other day to one of Mr. Baddeley's tales of antique assault in a public place of Cæsar's city, recall his own experiences in Trafalgar Square? Tradition has it that the police dragged him thence from an unsanctioned meeting by the hair of his head—a head, by the way, that has a look of Spain and Don Juan—or is it of Don Quixote?—and perhaps also of the East. At any rate, it is an Arab steed, of flaunting tail and mane, that Mr. Graham generally rides through London's dun-coloured Row.



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